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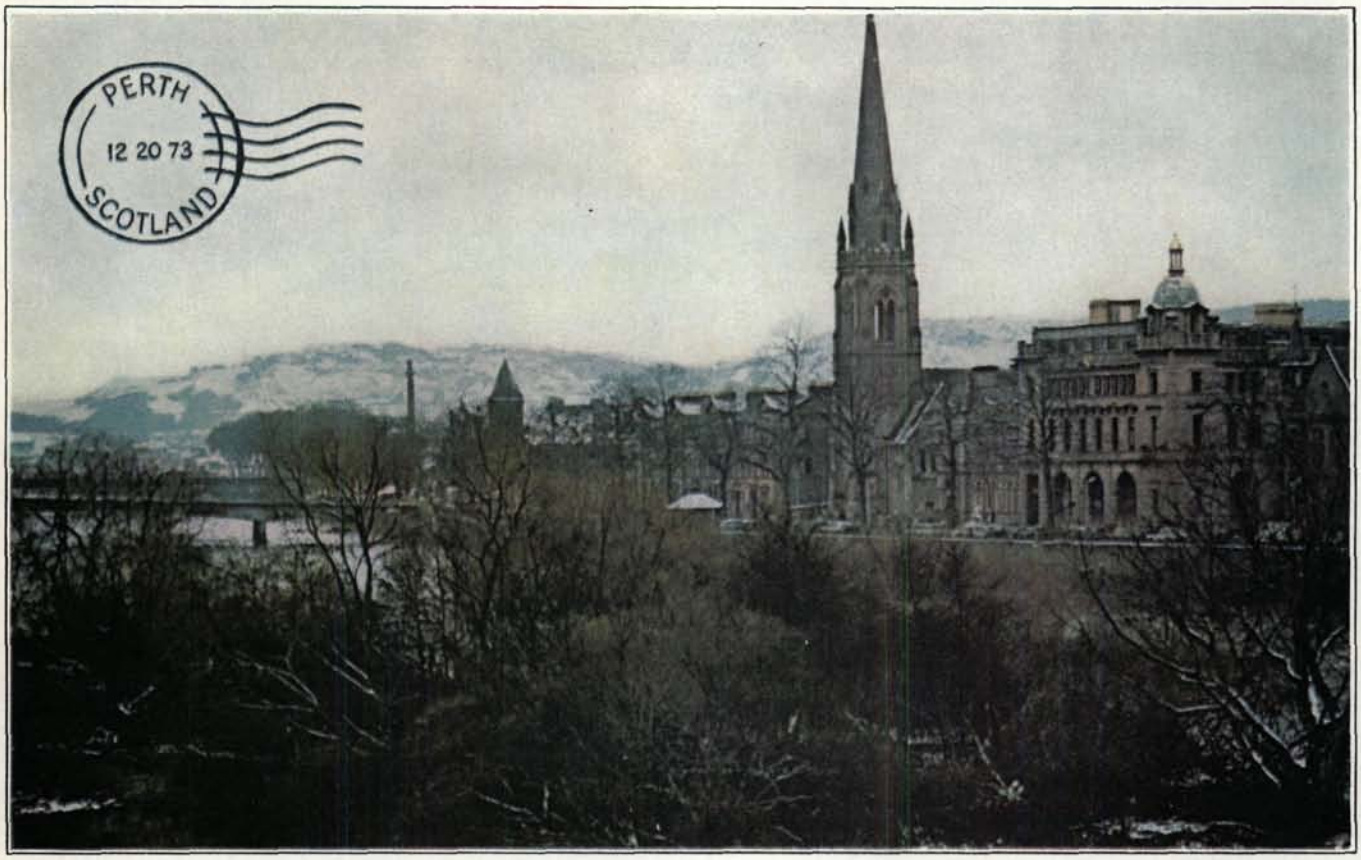

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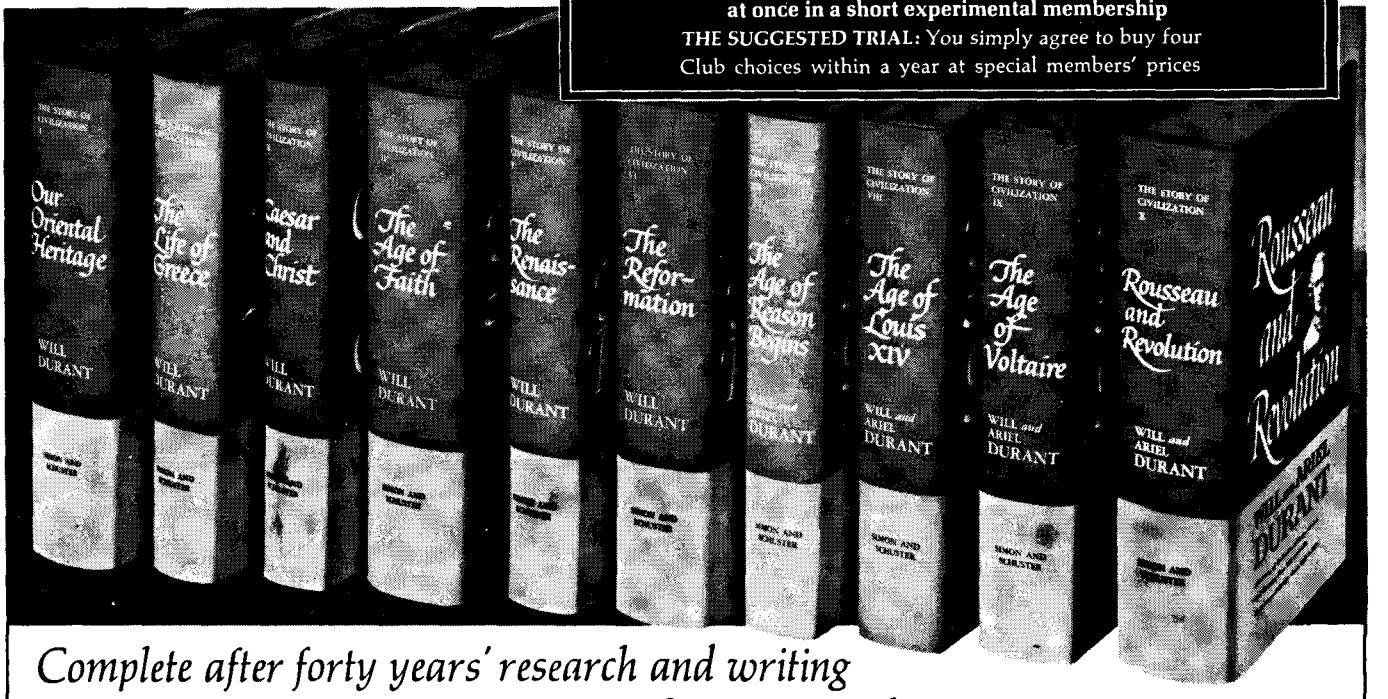

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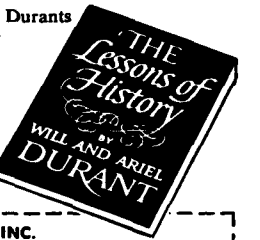

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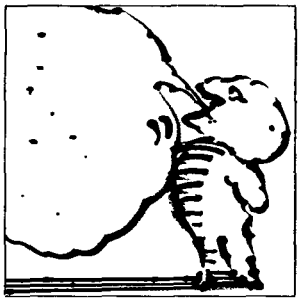
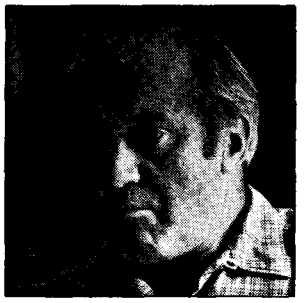

Page 14


Page 19

Page 28

December 4, 1973

FEATURES

4 Editorial *by N.C.*

6 Diversions *by Leo Rosten*

8 World Progress Report

11 Curmudgeon-at-Large *by Cleveland Amory*

12 Top of My Head *by Goodman Ace*

41 World Environment Newsletter

58 Light Refractions *by Thomas H. Middleton*

ARTICLES

14 Plight of the American Language *by Jean Stafford*
A Pulitzer Prize–winning author assesses an ailing language and calls for a new kind of censorship.

19 Of Flounderburgers and the Fisherman's Dilemma *by John Neary*
Last in a series of articles on problems concerning the use of the seas.

BOOKS

22 Special Books for Christmas: Feasting the Eye *by Anne Hollander*

28 Children's Books: The Best of a Season *by William Cole*

MUSIC

33 Records 1973: The Fall Collection *by Irving Kolodin*

34 Recommended in '73 *by Robert Craft, Roland Gelatt, Irving Kolodin*

FINE ARTS

38 The New Art and Its Collectors *by Katharine Kuh*
The joys of owning art now include monetary gain and social prestige.

TRAVEL

46 A Date in the Desert *by Horace Sutton*

EDUCATION SUPPLEMENT

49 New Approaches to Law and Order *by James Cass*

50 Reforming Soviet Education *by Susan Jacoby*
Authorities are now urging students to think for themselves —but only up to a certain point.

57 College Tuition: Who Should Pay? *by Peter Janssen*

GAMESMANSHIP

11 Wit Twister No. 10 *by Arthur Swan*

59 Double-Crostic No. 38 *by Thomas H. Middleton*

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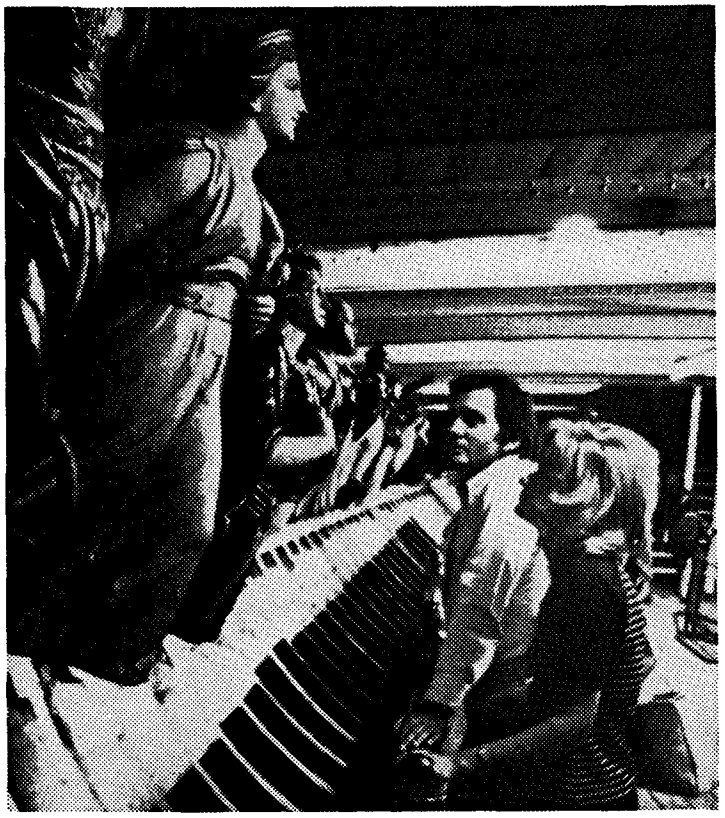

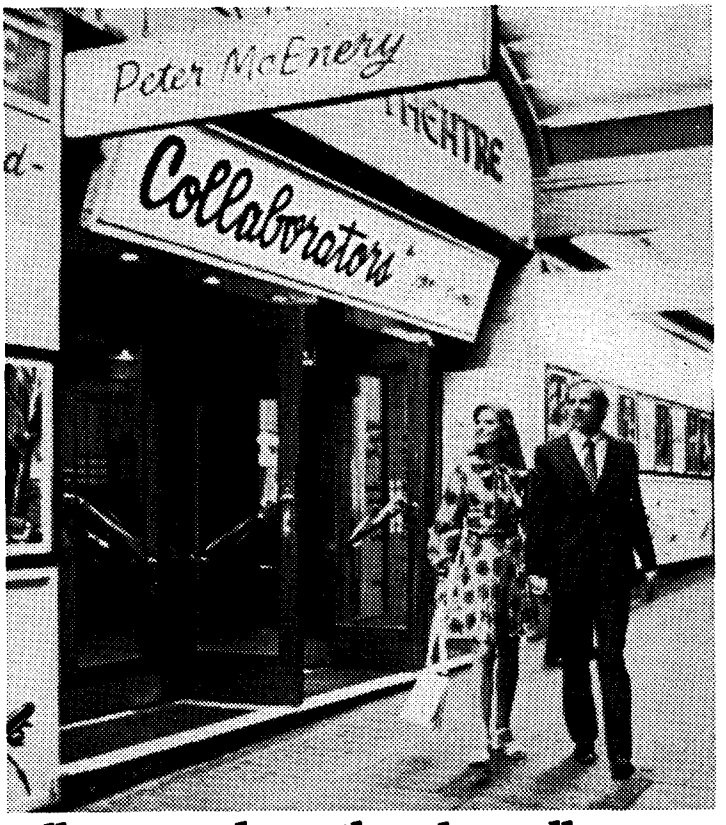

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Life Without Helplessness

We live in a time of philosophical poverty. The vast increase of new knowledge and therefore of problems has not produced new philosophies that speak uniquely to the new condition in human affairs.

One of the primary obligations of philosophy, of course, is to avoid becoming trapped in a contemporary setting. Philosophy seeks to make connections in the human mind between the memories of the race and ways of thinking about life. It constructs principles for asking meaningful questions and for disciplining the speculations those questions produce. But the test of philosophy is in its ability to contribute to its own time while remaining independent of it.

Yet the problems of the twentieth century have not generated specific and systematic philosophies for thinking about major problems. The most active philosophical ideas in our time, of course, are those associated with existentialism. It is important to note, however, that existentialism is primarily the creation of a nineteenth-century thinker, Sören Kierkegaard, of Denmark. It was not until the early part of the twentieth century that Kierkegaard's ideas made a substantial impact—not in Denmark but in Germany, a natural consequence considering the economic and political chaos that followed Germany's defeat in World War I.

The end of that war produced a pronounced pendulum swing in Germany from a widely held sense of national omnipotence to a sense of national failure and emptiness. Various German intellectuals took up the existentialist idea that an individual's first obligation is to maintain a circle of sanity, responsibility, and awareness around his own existence. Life was surrounded by dread, yet the individual could protect himself against intellectual, spiritual, and physical paralysis. He could be guarded in his commitments. Even if his choices were limited, even if he could have no confidence that his choices might be correct, he had the obligation to live out his life and to extract from it what he could. His connections with, and obligations to, his fellow human beings were important facts of his existence, but not necessarily the overriding facts. What was predominant was his need to survive in an unpredictable, harsh, and not very controllable world.

JUST AS IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE that existentialist thought should have taken hold in Germany after World War I, so it is equally understandable that existentialism should figure prominently in the intellectual climate of France after World War II. The course of the war provided little support for philosophical idealism or for positive ideas celebrating human purposes. Yet French literary figures such as Sartre and Camus, even though both were reluctant at times to describe themselves as existentialists, responded to the general intellectual mood of disillusion and despair in much the same way that Heidegger and Jaspers had responded in Germany. The mood of their plays and books was bleak, but the human spirit was sustained nonetheless. The individual was not justified in turning away from the reality of his own existence, even though his efforts to protect it were probably doomed.

This, then, was the curious mixture of existentialism at the end of two world wars—a compound of limited aspiration, despair, dread, and a sense of the individual's obligation to himself ahead of the collective mechanism called society.

WHATEVER ITS APPEAL to a European, however, existentialism—even as modified affirmatively by later writers, notably Teilhard de Chardin—did not completely satisfy those whose history had not taken them to a dead end. For an American whose national society had been created mainly by young philosophers who knew how to transform ideals into institutions; for an American who had grown up in a tradition that regarded the search for progress as an enduring and positive obligation; for an American whose intellectual underpinnings came from the transcendentalist thinkers and from William James, Charles Sanders Peirce, and John Dewey; for an American who believed that historical logic supported the idea of a positive frame for human events—for such an American, existentialism lacked dynamic thrust. It didn't present itself as a philosophy of resignation, but this seemed to be its message. By accommodating itself to helplessness and hopelessness, existentialism fostered the very mood of negation it originally sought to dispel.

Yet existentialism did great honor to the concept of human individuality and to the things that belong to the individual and not to society. If it appeared to sanction cynicism, it also fortified and enlivened the philosophical process, one reflection of which is the diversification of existentialism itself. It also had a world impact—far greater, perhaps, than the pragmatic philosophy of William James

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or the related logical positivism of John Dewey.

In the main, however, existentialism has not been an effective or appropriate response for the present human condition and the predicament it has been unable to resolve: The human species has the means to expunge itself but not the unifying ideas for creating a shelter against disaster. Nor is existentialism an antidote to the growing feeling of helplessness or hopelessness among individual human beings all over the world. Quite the contrary, what ties most existentialists together is precisely this feeling of helplessness—helplessness to shape the collective destiny, helplessness to preside over erratic and painful events, helplessness in recognizing and facing up to anguishing choices.

Yet the greatest of all historical truths is represented by the ability of the human species to do that which has never been done before. The notion of individual helplessness is therefore unhistoric and unnatural. It is a notion that has gained currency at certain times, of which the present is an example. What generally happens is that supposedly inexorable forces gather strength in combination with personified malevolence. At such times, enough evil is inflicted on enough people to produce a lowering ceiling over human hopes. The result is that the individual becomes spiritually devitalized and despairing.

IN OUR TIME, notions of helplessness are derived from at least four main causes. One cause is represented by the collective sense of an imminent self-inflicted defeat. The particulars are familiar: Population is swelling, but the food supply is shrinking. Energy needs are growing faster than new sources of energy can be generated or developed. Oxygen is being depleted by disappearing vegetation and contamination of the seas. Water tables are being increasingly infected. The sky has become an open sewer. The conditions of life on this planet are running down.

The second and related cause of despair grows out of imperfect human organization. The ease with which human aggregations can organize for destructive purposes is exceeded only by their difficulty in meeting common survival problems. The human race is primed for apocalyptic war but not for enduring peace. The effect on the individual is to make life tentative, dispiriting.

The third cause of helplessness or hopelessness is onrushing depersonalization. The new technology has produced the theoretical basis for the greatest liberation from drudgery in human history, but the pervasive effect so far is not new options but the quantification of life. Human beings are becoming spindled artifacts; they are losing their faces. They are also losing their secrets. Their mistakes and indiscretions are metabolized by a data base, never to be forgotten. Nothing is more universal than human fallibility; nothing is more essential than forgiveness or absolution. Yet statistical maintenance is as remorseless as it is void of redeeming judgments nourished by intangibles or the passing of time. Hope must be associated with names, not numbers. Helplessness, therefore, increases in direct proportion to numbering mechanisms unmodified by acts of faith or grand leaps of intuitive splendor.

The fourth cause of helplessness or hopelessness is related to a timeless condition—the dread of ultimate loneliness. It is here that existentialism finds its greatest lure. The eternal quest of the individual human being is to shatter his loneliness. It is this condition that enables philosophers and theologians to make common cause with poets and artists. Loneliness is multidimensional: There is the loneliness of mortality. There is the loneliness of time that passes too slowly, or too swiftly. There is the loneliness of inevitable separation. There is the loneliness of alienation. There is the loneliness of aspiration. There is the loneliness of squandered dreams. There is the collective loneliness of the species, unable to proclaim oneness in a world chained to its tribalisms.

AND NOW, FINALLY, there is the loneliness of life in the universe, always a philosophical preoccupation but now a presiding reality reinforced by man's forays into space. The change is greater than was represented by the Copernican revolution. Copernicus's contribution was primarily to knowledge, only secondarily to philosophy. After Copernicus, there was the challenge to the human mind that came from knowing that the earth was not the center of all things—but this challenge did not substantially change the fact that man continued to see himself as the hub of the universe. People were astounded that previous generations should ever have believed that the earth did not revolve around the sun; but they still lived in an anthropocentric world in an abstract universe.

In our time, however, the liberation of human beings from earth gravity has enabled the species to become less theoretical about, and detached from, the universe. What was most significant about the lunar voyage was not that men set foot on the moon but that they set eye on the earth. They perceived larger relationships. They had an increased sense of human uniqueness. The effect was philosophical. To be able to rise from the earth; to be able, from a station in outer space, to see the relationship of the planet Earth to other planets; to be able to contemplate the billions of factors in precise and beautiful combination that make human existence possible; to be able to meditate on journeying through an infinity of galaxies; to be able to dwell on an encounter of the human brain and spirit with the universe —all this enlarges the human horizon. It also offers proof that technology is subordinate to human imagination; we went to the moon not because of our technology but because of our imagination. An objective had first to be conceived. The conception fathered the technology. The technology became successful only through the application of both brain power and will power.

Humans are not helpless. They have never been helpless. They have only been deflected or deceived or dispirited. This is not to say their history has not been pockmarked by failure. But failure is not the ultimate fact of life; it is an aspect of life in which transient or poor judgments play larger roles than they should. So long as people do not persuade themselves that they are creatures of failure; so long as they have a vision of life as it ought to be; so long as they can comprehend the full meaning and power of the unfettered mind—so long as they can do all these things, they can look at the world and, beyond that, the universe with the sense that they can be unafraid of their fellow humans and can face choices not with dread but with great expectations. N.C.

To our readers: Because of the shortage in the national paper supply, approximately half of this issue is printed on "uncalendered" stock. We apologize for the uneven appearance of this number. If any of our readers are in the printing paper business and can make stock available to SR/W, we'd be profoundly grateful. N. C.

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by Leo Rosten

Three Parables

The season calls for parables—one of man's oldest and most cherished forms of moral instruction. Here are three (Confucian, Muslim, Jewish), which, to my astonishment, are scarcely known in the world of the West.

The Tiger and the Tyrant

Walking through the countryside with a young disciple, Confucius saw a woman weeping beside a new grave. "Why do you cry so bitterly?" asked the sage.

"Because of the tiger," replied the woman.

"What tiger?"

"The terrible tiger who comes down from the hills," said the distraught woman. "First he killed my father; then he killed my husband; and now he has killed my only son."

"Then why do you not leave this fearful place?" asked Confucius.

The woman looked at him in surprise. "But here we have no tyrant. . . ."

Confucius turned to his disciple. "Mark her words, lad: A tyrant is indeed worse than the fiercest tiger."

Whom Did Jesus Flee?

A poor man saw Jesus running across a field and called out, "O noble one, why are you running? No one is chasing you!"

Jesus said nothing but ran on. The poor man hurried after him, calling, "But are you not the Messiah? Are you not the one who restores sight to the blind? The one who speaks over the dead and makes them rise?"

Jesus paused. "Yes."

"Then, since you can do whatever you want, what in the world can you fear?"

Jesus sighed, "Through God I pronounce spells over the blind or over corpses—and bring them back to life. But with fools I have pleaded—hundreds of times—to no avail. There seems to be no cure for folly. . . . It is the fool from whom I flee."*

The Beggar and the Wallet

A beggar once wandered into a village in the Holy Land, and he heard that the richest man there had lost a pouch full of silver and had offered a reward of ten pieces of silver to whoever found the pouch and returned it.

So the beggar prayed: "O Lord, help me. If I could only find that pouch . . . ten pieces of silver . . . oh, if I could only win that reward!"

He plodded through the ancient lanes, searching high and low, and—miracle of miracles!—found the pouch. There were forty pieces of silver in it.

At once, the beggar ran to the rich man's house. "Sir! Your pouch! I found it—here—and I have, please, come to claim the reward."

THE RICH MAN opened the pouch, counted the silver and sneered, "There were fifty pieces of silver in this pouch. Now I find only forty. Why? Because you stole ten pieces of silver, you thief! And you have the gall to ask for a reward?! Begone, before my servants thrash you!"

Sore at heart, the beggar sought out the village wise man. "O rabbi," he wept, "a misfortune has befallen me. I am a beggar, but not a thief. . . ." He told the wise man what had happened.

The rabbi, who well knew the rich man's character and cunning, sat silent for a while, deep in thought, then asked one of his students to summon the rich man to the stairs before the synagogue.

When the rich man arrived there and saw the beggar, he turned to the rabbi indignantly: "Did you call me here because of this scoundrel? This thief—who stole ten pieces of silver from my pouch yet dared claim the reward!"

"He says he did not steal ten pieces of silver," said the rabbi.

"Whom will you believe?" demanded the rich man. "A strange, filthy beggar or me, the richest man in our village!?"

"I will believe you, of course," said the rabbi. "May I see the pouch?"

The rich man handed the pouch to the rabbi, who gave it to the beggar, saying, "It is yours. Go in peace."

"Rabbi, what are you *doing*?" cried the rich man.

"I am taking your word," the rabbi sighed. "Obviously, the pouch this poor man found, containing only forty pieces of silver, cannot be the pouch you lost. . . . So you must wait, and pray to the Lord, until someone finds *your* pouch—I mean the one with fifty pieces of silver within it." □

*This story is adapted from one in the *Mathwami* of Runi (A.D. 1207–73). The *Mathwami*, sometimes called the Koran of the Persians, is a huge book of Muslim theology that contains hundreds of sermons, legends, anecdotes, homilies, lives of the saints, etc.

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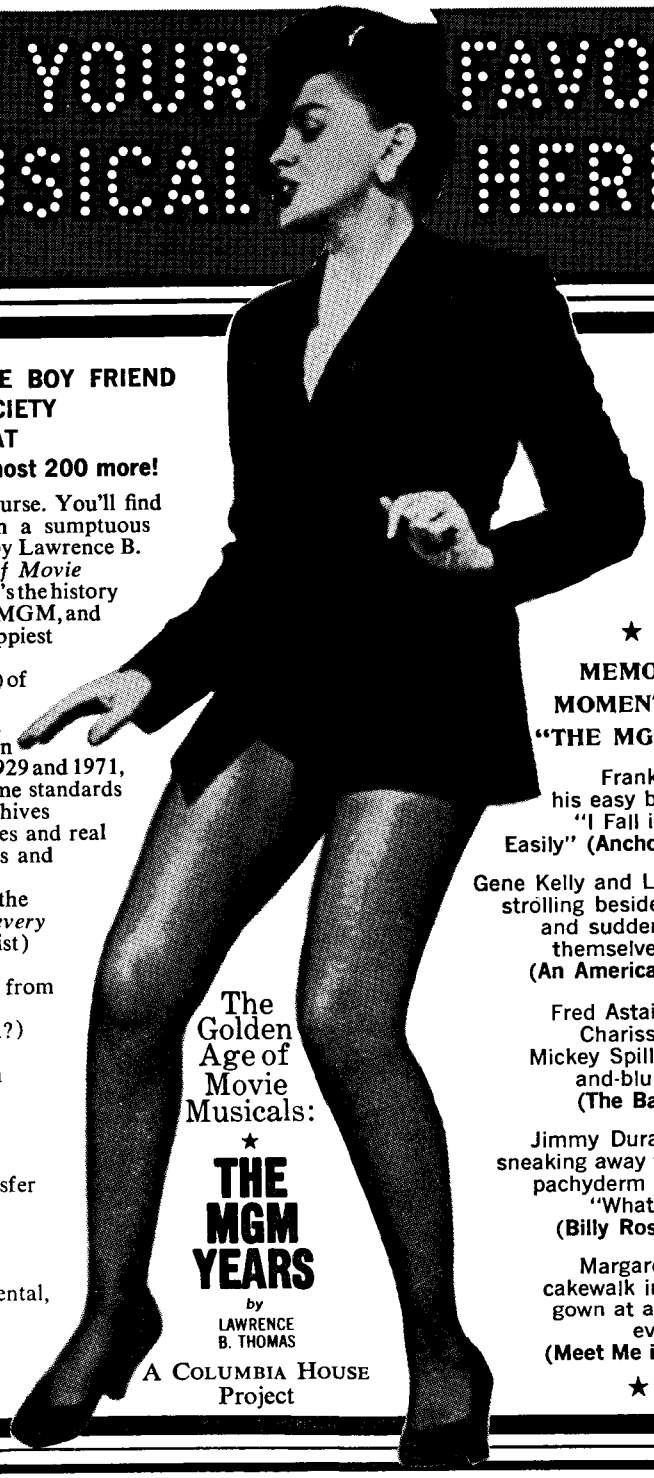

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World Progress Report

Rat Pill

While the sterilization of male mosquitoes is leading to the extinction of the insect in Central America, rats in England are being encouraged to practice a more fashionable method of birth control. Scientists at British Drug Houses Research, Ltd., have concocted a contraceptive pill that is apparently palatable to rats and that promises to thwart the rodents' disheartening ability to outreproduce any control program.

In one test situation, a population of between 500 and 1000 rats on the pill was decimated by reproductive failure in one year. At the end of the test, not a single pregnant female could be found among the survivors, and the colony was on its way to extinction.

The active agent in the rat pill, an estrogen called BDH 10131, may offer an additional bonus to pest-ridden urbanites: In tests it has reduced egg laying among pigeons by 80 percent.

Painless Dentistry

For most dental patients there are only two choices, both of them painful: the brief, bottomless agony as drill chews into dentine; or the sharp bite of the novocaine needle followed by hours of throbbing numbness and then soreness. Now, however, Russian researchers at the University of Leningrad have found a way to short-circuit the pain of dental work electrically, making local anesthesia unnecessary. The new technique, currently being tested in England for commercial release, sends a weak, forty-to-sixty–micro-amp current from the drill bit through the patient's tooth and jaw. In the nerve fibers, the positive current cancels out negative electrical impulses from the scene of the pain and thus prevents the pain message from being relayed to the brain. Normal nerve transmission is restored as soon as the contact between drill and tooth is broken. Full feeling returns to the area almost immediately, minus the pain.

An Eye on Big Brother

The omniscient, omnivorous memories of computers inspire reasonable paranoia in many people, who fear the misuse of them by snoopers and the resulting threat to privacy and civil liberties. In the United States the question of computer-control legislation simmers perennially on the Congressional back burner, but in Sweden action has been taken. A new National Data Inspection Board has been in operation since last summer with a charter to squelch "undue encroachment on the privacy of individuals" through the use of electronic data banks.

The board exercises licensing power over all information systems, both public and private, that store dossiers on individual citizens. A license limits the use to which a particular system may be put, the information it is allowed to store, and its performance capabilities. Only certain appropriate data banks are permitted to remember highly personal and sensitive information such as records of arrests, alcoholism, or psychiatric care, and political or religious affiliations.

The most important provision of the new law requires that operators of data banks give any citizen a free copy of his dossier on request. The individual then has the right to challenge any item in his file and to demand that it be immediately checked and, if necessary, corrected or expunged.

"Whaddaya mean, 'Well, goodbye'? I just spent forty cents on you and you say goodbye?"

An End to Hard Labor

Adapting a device developed in Japan for use in therapeutic abortions, a Swedish obstetrician has come up with a technique for speeding childbirth and easing the mother's labor pains at the same time. In the new procedure, a stainless-steel rod with a spoon-shaped tip that vibrates at 60 to 100 cycles per second is inserted into the dilated cervix during the early stages of delivery. By relaxing the cervix, through which the infant must pass, the vibration has succeeded in shortening the duration of labor to as little as three hours, compared with the average ten hours or so for first-time mothers and about seven hours for veterans.

The shortened delivery period means that the mother will have to endure fewer, less severe labor pains and will require fewer, less powerful doses of anesthetics. Both long labor and heavy anesthesia are dangerous to the child, and Dr. Sune Dahlgren of the Eskilstuna Central Hospital hopes to demonstrate that his new technique produces healthier babies as well as happier mothers. His method already has many satisfied customers, and almost every expectant mother coming into Dr. Dahlgren's hospital is now insisting on it for her accouchement. ANTHONY WOLFF

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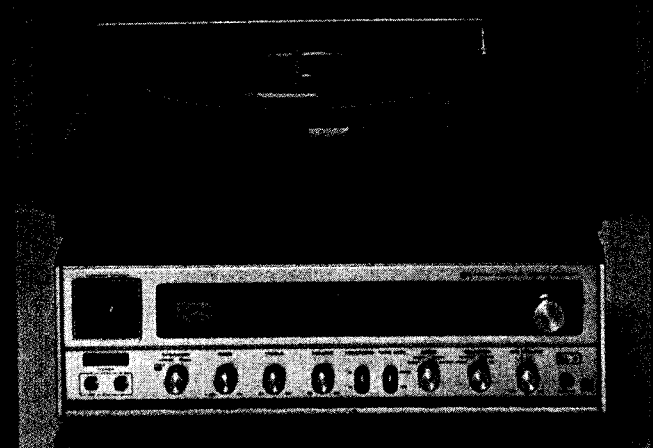

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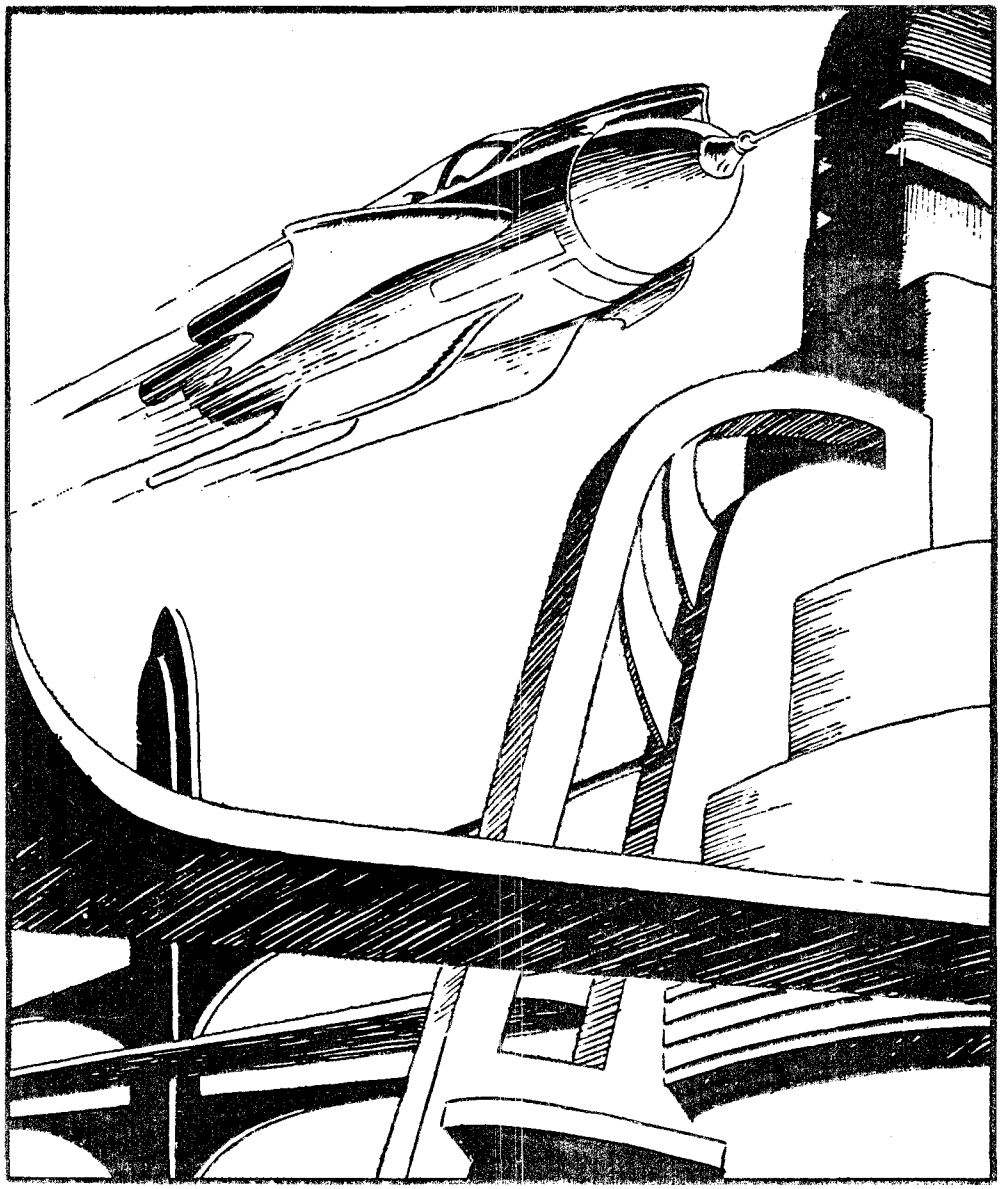
The real
No single item on our list of national priorities has received more lip service than public transportation.

We face an energy crisis. Our highways are jammed; some days they look more like parking lots than roads. Most cars have only one occupant. Downtown streets are clogged.

We must have improved buses, new underground railway systems, monorails.

The programs are costly, they take decades to plan and build. But we have reached a point where there is no alternative.
Let's get on with it.



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Efficient mass transportation systems which move great numbers of people but which are tailored to individuals.

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

Ever since anyone—with the exception of us, of course—can remember, it has been very difficult to do business with California or, for that matter, with Oregon, with Washington, with Arizona, and with Nevada. Not that they are difficult to do business with in general; they are just behind the times—or rather the time. Let us give you an example. You are living in New York, and it is noon. You want to talk to your man—or rather your man-person—in California. You have a lunch date at 12:30. What do you do? You call California at 12:29. What happens? Your mp in California hasn't come in yet. So you leave a message.

All right. Have you got it so far? Now, go slow. The Californian comes in at 9:30 and gets your message. And calls you right away. But he doesn't get you, because now you're out to lunch. So another message is left.

Keep going now. At 2:30 you finish your lunch, but by the time you get back to the office it is 2:45, and you get the message that California has called. Naturally, you try to call back right away, but you can't. All California circuits are busy. And why are all California circuits busy? Because everybody else got messages to call California during their lunch, too. In any case, by the time you get your call through, it is 3:30. You make the call anyway, on the chance that his lunch is at one. It isn't, of course. His lunch was at 12:30, just like yours, and he left at 12:29. So you leave another message.

Steady now. At 2:30 the Californian comes back and gets the message that you left in response to the message that he left in response to the message that you left that he should give you a call. His call is made right away, too. And it almost gets to you. In fact, it actually would have gotten to you if only, at 5:29, you hadn't had to leave to catch a train at 5:59.

Score: 4 messages, 0 connections.

AND, DAY AFTER DAY, this same procedure has been going on, ever since the gold rush. Which, by the way, as we recall, we lost out on, because by the time our California broker got through to us, nothing was left but ghost towns. Anyway, is anything being done about it? The amazing thing is, there is. In fact, out in California, according to Robert Meyers in *PSA Magazine*, a movement is now on foot—frankly, we think it ought to try horseback—to modify the time zones. From time to time—you will excuse the expression—such movements have been made. But they also involved overall changes of the whole Pacific-Mountain-Central-Eastern shebang, and such suggestions always gave, according to Mr. Meyers, "westerners more daylight and Easterners darker mornings." Obviously such suggestions haven't gotten very far. Easterners don't want darker mornings, it seems. Their whole damn day is dark enough as it is. That's how California was settled in the first place. People wanted to run to daylight.

In any case, this new movement doesn't involve any big, overall changes. It merely involves a merger of the Pacific and Mountain time zones—so that Western time, which is what the new time would be called, would be only two hours behind Eastern, instead of three.

It's such a simple idea that it seems amazing no one has thought of it before. Or perhaps they did—but by the time the East had gotten the message, the West had forgotten it. Anyway, now it's out in the open. There are, however, a few problems. One is that drive-in movies in the West would have a later sunset. But these are minor matters, at least compared with the only other alternative—which is that everybody, both westerners and easterners, just give up going out to lunch. And we think the American people will do the right thing. Given the choice between a little hardship at the drive-in or a decent lunch, they'll go with lunch every—you will again excuse the expression—time.

TECHNIQUE OF THE WEEK, as discovered by Eva Maria Hakala, of Acton, Massachusetts, in the help-wanted section of *The Boston Globe:*

TECHNICAL EDITOR—A talented semanticist with creative abilities. . . . Will separate misleading, unclear formations from highly technical information and restructure to attain direct, meaningful, reader-oriented presentation.

One thing is certain—whomever they get, the need is there.

ENCOMIUM OF THE FORTNIGHT, as found by Louis Crandall of New York, in a story on Monday-night football in the October *Argosy:*

Today, Don Meredith is not only one of my closest friends, but still is one of the warmest and kindest guys it's ever been my privilege to be around. I don't mean to get into a eulogy-type description of "D" (as I call him), but I think that he is basically misunderstood. Although he wears a cowboy hat all the time and exudes east Texas, he is more—much more—than a loose, carefree guy. He's a very deep-thinking, intelligent person, who can sit down and recite almost every song Kris Kristofferson ever wrote, word for word.

Just as long as he doesn't protest too loudly.

PERSONAL NOTE, from the "Good Psychology" column in the Grand Rapids *Photo Reporter*, as spotted by Wayne and Anna Marie Joosse:

Psychologists say that people who have been outstandingly successful in life compensate for their disabilities. They recognize their problems, do their utmost to make up for their disabilities, and the upshot is that they do too much—and become outstanding! Winston Churchill, a world famous orator in his day, was once embarrassed by a speech impediment. But he changed it by compensating.

How does compensation apply to your problems? If, for example, you are disturbed because your education is skimpy, you could compensate for this by reading as much as possible in your spare time. Perhaps you're not the best-looking person in the world. You can compensate for that by developing a fresh, engaging personality and fostering a gift of grab.

But promise us one thing—you won't run for office. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 10
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

When children ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ and nations pay no heed,
Still ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ tragedy
awaits these lands.
The country that ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ its face from need
May find a revolution on its hands.

A.S.

(Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 55.)

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Top of My Head

By Goodman Ace

The Sprained Ankle

I hope you have joined me in adopting the President's suggestion that we forget about, and stop wallowing in, the Big Scandal that was supposed to have happened a year or more ago in Washington at—uh—at some hotel there. See how easily you can forget if you put your mind to it?

I've swept the whole thing under the carpet, and we now have a miniature Mount Vesuvius in our living room. But it will never erupt again if I have anything to say about it.

The President told us that the messy divulgence of—uh—whatever it was that was supposed to have happened at that hotel was distracting him. He wanted to be given time to get to the business of the people. But now, after some White House pronouncements on resolving our domestic crises, some petty citizens are claiming that the administration is giving the people the business.

Well, I can be as petty as the next Democrat, but while I have stopped wallowing, I'm having difficulty swallowing some of the "business of the people" as conceived by the President.

For instance, the energy crisis. The President has foreseen that there will be "a serious shortage of heating fuel" this winter. To solve that one, he proclaimed, he will ask the states and cities to relax their environmental ordinances that ban the burning of certain high-sulphur oils so that such fuels can be used to offset shortages of the low-sulphur fuels.

What the President is saying paraphrases Ms. Marie Antoinette, who, when told the people had no bread, replied, "Let them eat cake." We are now hearing, "Let them breathe sulphur." When the water thus becomes so polluted that it is unfit to drink, the administration will say, "Let them drink Coke."

That's a solution my carpet will not accept. Nor will it cover a subject related to that hotel, the relative being the President's brother, whose phone was tapped. This was explained by the President's spokesman: "Any monitoring of the President's family by the Secret Service would have related to the protective function of the Secret Service."

Whatever that means, we will let it lay. Or, to use the intransigent verb, lie.

ALLEGORY: Jim and Jean are a happily married couple. They never quarrel. Make that seldom. Jim is often heard saying about Jean, "She is the apple of my eye, a peach of a wife." But at the bottom of this mixed metaphoric fruit salad, Jim has one grape of wrath. He is a stickler for neatness. And Jean as a housekeeper is not all that neat.

This worries Jean. Especially on evenings when Jim subways home from his office, unexpectedly wearing one white glove. Jean quakes as he runs a gloved finger across a window sill, a door ledge, the mantelpiece, and even gives the finger to the waxed fruit in the bowl on the dining room table.

Wordlessly, since one picture is not worth one word, he displays the sooted finger for Jean's inspection.

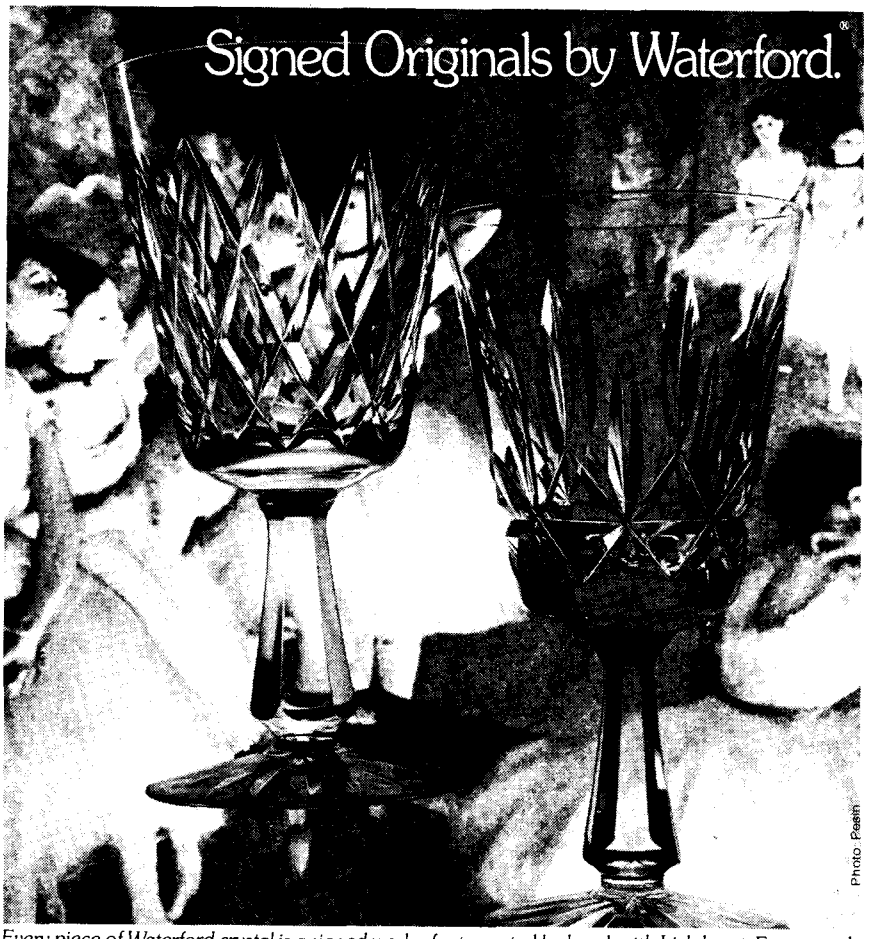
Jean promises to try. She does try to keep a neat home. But she is a busy woman of many involvements—an author's luncheon to get to, a private screening of a controversial movie, a charity bazaar, an unintegrated school to picket, a meeting for prison reform.

One morning, after dusting a window sill, a door ledge, the mantelpiece, and the waxed fruit, Jean is about to dash off to a lib meeting when she notices she forgot to empty the ash trays. Hurriedly she sweeps the ashes under the living room carpet. That was the beginning of a new *modus vivendi*.

At first it is only dust she swept under the carpet. Then follows, on other desperately hurried days, walnut shells, pages of old newspapers, junk mail, cherry pits, even one soiled white glove. All piled high under the carpet.

Then one day as Jim comes home wearing a white glove, Jean runs merrily to greet him, secure in the knowledge that she has all the litter hidden from his view. But as she runs, she trips over the litter and sprains her ankle.

Every allegory must have its MORAL: One who sweeps things under the carpet will be up to one's ankle in trouble. □



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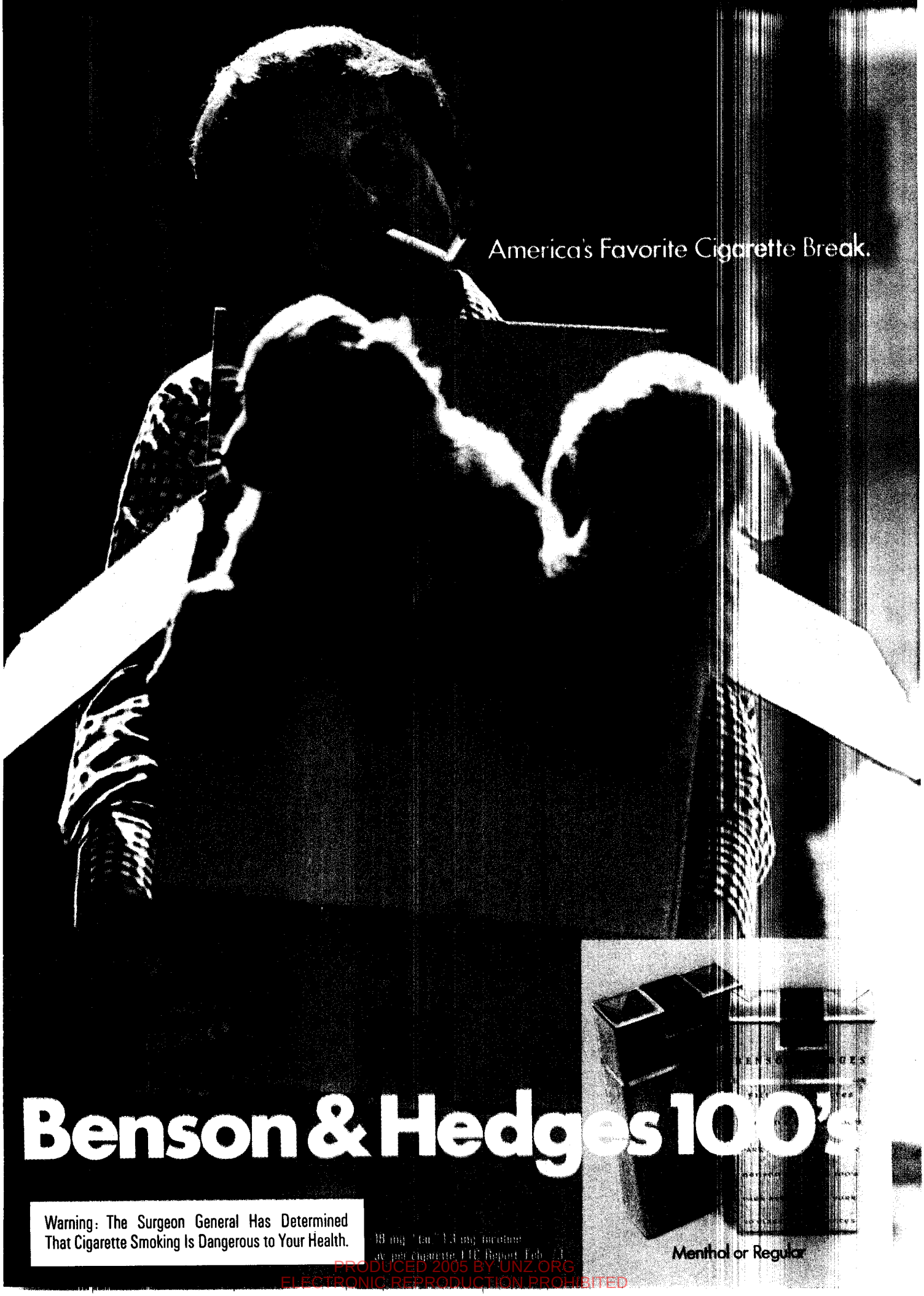
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Saturday Review
World

Plight of the American Language

In which the author inveighs against "solecisms," "mongoloid bastards," "knock-kneed metaphors," and "gibberish" and calls for no less than "a new kind of censorship."

By Jean Stafford

In the April 1806 issue of *The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, republished by Nancy Hale in 1963 in her anthology *New England Discovery*, there appeared an article entitled "A New Language Proposed" by William Smith Shaw, which read in part:

> Since the liberation of our countrymen from the tuition of a cruel stepdame, who fondly hoped that in the decrepitude of age she should be nourished and sustained by our labour and love, our citizens, while engaged in lawful commerce, have been exposed to violence and impressment. The licensed buccaneers and royal robbers of the ocean have divorced our citizens from their friends and families and compelled them to exert, in the service of a king, every muscle not palsied by fear of the thong and scourge. Remonstrance only admonishes them of their power of inflicting still greater injuries, and the specious plea of justification is that *similarity of language prevents discrimination between Englishmen and Americans.* It is now proposed to strike at the root of the evil and to construct a language entirely novel. [The ingredients of Shaw's concoction will consist of indigenous Indian, Negro, and Irish dialects.] When this language shall have become . . . universal in our country, we shall be in a world by ourselves, and will surround our territory by an impregnable wall of brass, and all sit down, each in his whirligig chair, and philosophize.

In 1806 Shaw was writing with his adder's tongue in his cheek. Today he would be persuaded that his proposition has been adopted, that the roots of our language have been infused with a bane more deadly than the nightshade. He would be gloomy. Besides the neologisms that are splashed all over the body of the American language like the daubings of a chimpanzee turned loose with finger paints, the poor thing has had its parts of speech broken to smithereens: Setting the fractures and dislocations has been undertaken by tinkers with tin ears they have fashioned for themselves out of old applesauce cans; and now verbs are used as nouns and nouns are used as verbs ("This course is structured for students interested in the overall construct of existentialism," says the college catalogue); and upon its stooped and aching back it carries an astounding burden of lumber piled on by the sociologists and the psychologists and the sociopsychologists and the psychosociologists, the Pentagon, the admen, and, lately, the alleged robbers and bug planters of Watergate. The prognosis for the ailing language is not good. I predict that it will not die in my lifetime, but I fear that it will be assailed by countless cerebral accidents and massive strokes and gross insults to the brain and finally will no longer be able to sit up in bed and take nourishment by mouth.

Perhaps I am wrong, and it may already be in the terminal ward, soon to kick the bucket. Several years ago a citizen as concerned as I am about the grave condition of our dear old friend sent me an article that he had ripped untidily out of the late *Look* magazine. He had found the magazine abandoned on the seat of an airplane that he had boarded in Philadelphia for New York; during the two-and-a-half hours the plane circled La Guardia Airport before giving up and going back to Philadelphia to land and not to rise again, he read and reread the inflammatory propaganda, mesmerized like a nightingale being stared down by a cobra. The author, William Hedgepeth, billed by *Look* as a "pursuer and lover of the sun," advocates not euthanasia for the invalid but the amputation of all movable parts and, if breath stubbornly persists, burial alive. He begins with a panegyric to Janis Joplin, who was at the time ululating to a fare-thee-well throughout the land. "No pukey, careful-metered lines sung here . . .('Ahhee WOOGPleaghhuh woo,' she erupts.) But everybody gets the point. The point is how she feels, and they are eager to pick up, share it with her, feel it with her. People don't speak this way to them anywhere else—not even at home." (Not even at home? The poor old folks on the yonder side of thirty, nodding in their rocking chairs in shawls and carpet slippers, haven't even caught on to McLuhan yet.) Hedgepeth continues:

> No one lays it on the line; no one translates deep-felt gut feelings into language and says it like they sense it. . . . Our language, in its present shape, just can't handle it; and people—particularly young people—are becoming aware of this flaw in their tongue. . . . As a vehicle for the huge input of new ideas and information, straight English is inadequate. And because, at present, it's untrained to operate in this dimension, people are feeling around elsewhere for ways to express the new reality in words (or in wails, grunts, growls, shrieks, or sounds no one's yet labeled). . . . There'll be no need to cling to formal grammar to convey meanings. Speech doesn't have to be linear; it can come out as a compressed overlay of facts and sensations and moods and ideas and images. *Words can cramp your style.* [Italics mine.]

This brings up the question of whether we have perhaps reached a point in evolution beyond which there is no return; or can we still go back to that peaceful valley in the province of the Rhine, the Neanderthal, and—as we fashion our crude instruments from unrecycled waste—rap in grunts, tell it like it is in whinnies and baas, and, growling, mate to bring forth a race of such simon-pure idealism and untrammeled honesty that it will be able in a trice to demolish everything the Western world has been about for the last 5000 years? Will we then have achieved the golden age of what Mr. Hedgepeth calls "interpersonal communication"? He does not, I think, hope for such a paradise in the immediate future, because, he says, "Until we all become telepathic, we can't hope to grasp more than a hazy fraction of what's in

---

Jean Stafford is a novelist, essayist, and short-story writer. In 1970 she won the Pulitzer Prize for Collected Stories. *This article grew out of a lecture given at Barnard College in 1970.*

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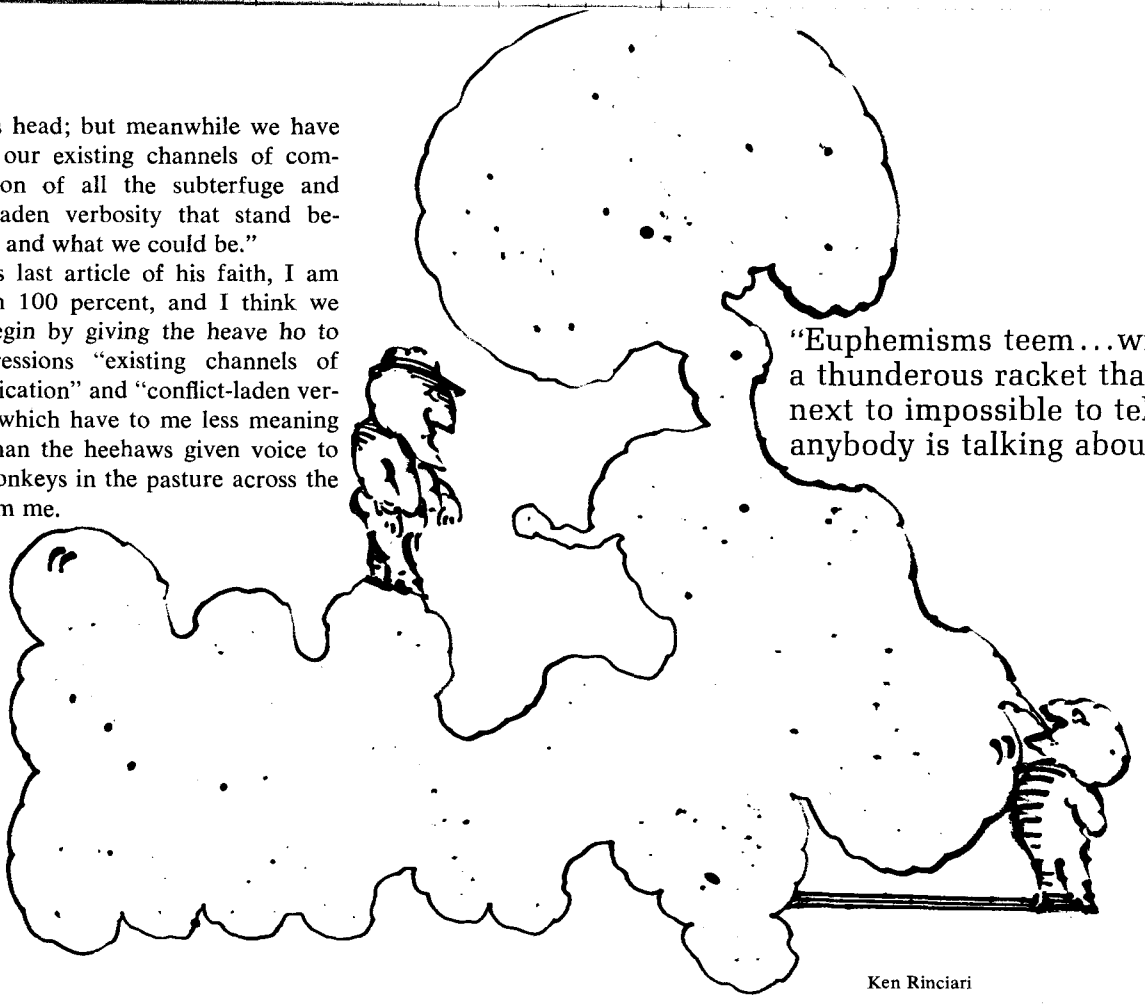
another's head; but meanwhile we have to clear our existing channels of communication of all the subterfuge and conflict-laden verbosity that stand between us and what we could be."

In this last article of his faith, I am with him 100 percent, and I think we might begin by giving the heave ho to his expressions "existing channels of communication" and "conflict-laden verbosity," which have to me less meaning by far than the heehaws given voice to by the donkeys in the pasture across the road from me.



"Euphemisms teem...with such a thunderous racket that it is next to impossible to tell what anybody is talking about."

Ken Rinciari

Radio, television, the press, and all those other agencies that are dedicated to lulling and hoodwinking the public into talking falderal have so gummed up our language with solecisms and mongoloid bastards ("Vietnamize," "bodifier," "commonality") and knock-kneed metaphors (in *The New York Times Book Review* on September 2, 1973, I read in the review of a new novel that one of the characters was "haloed with clout"; my only comment is "Faugh!") and gibberish that a new kind of censorship should be in order; the board should be made up only of persons demonstrably literate, precise, immune to the viruses of jargon and whimsey, and severe in their quarantine of carriers of the aforesaid.

At the same time that we have relaxed the prohibition of obscenities in the press and on the air and in the movies, we have clamped down on straightforward speech, and euphemisms teem; they do so with such a thunderous racket that it is next to impossible to tell what anybody is talking about. Once when I was listening to a detective describing on television the defusing of a bomb in the $2 million TWA ransom plot in 1970, I thought how bewildered I would have been if I had not tuned in at the beginning but had only picked up, ". . . we continued to render the suspected object inert." The fuzz are ever so keen on genteel pidgin: "The intoxicated individual exited the vehicle." You know full well that if the *drunk man who got out of the car* said, "*Exited* is not a transitive verb; it must be followed by a preposition," the arresting officer would relinquish his white gloves and, saying, "Up yours, mother," would clap on the handcuffs. As liars are called "pathological" and on these grounds are excused because they are "sick" and are treated with a lenity that would not be accorded plain garden-variety liars, so sinners and boors and bores are said to suffer from an inability to "relate." *Relate*, except when used in the sense of "to recount," requires the preposition *to* just as *exit* must be accompanied by *from*. My friend Laurence Lafore, the historian (it was he, by the way, who was on that plane from Philadelphia and found Mr. Hedgepeth's hymn of praise to Anthropoidese), puts the matter thus in a pamphlet of rules he gives all his students: "To say, 'He does not relate,' is not more sensible than to say, 'He does not.'" These sad sacks who can't relate are often further described as having "nothing going for them." What should be going for them? Should an agency supply them with tops and windup toys and free tickets to a carrousel? There's one thing that's going for just about everybody, whether he relates or not, and that is television, which spreads new plagues with the speed of light.

The writers of advertising copy, while they may be exemplary husbands and fathers and citizens, are blackguards by trade, and the one who thought up "Winston tastes good like a cigarette should" ought to be put into stocks for a month and be fed mutton soup through a tube. And so treated should be his colleague who, with odious smirks, compounded the crime with the sadistic follow-up, "What do you want, good grammar or good taste?" We are now mercifully spared this disgrace on television, since the tobacco companies can no longer hawk their poison on the air; but the damage has been done. Let us examine the willful coquetry of this illogic: If we assume that the pranksters have sufficient vocabulary to get them through a simple intelligence test, they know that *taste* has two meanings, and they are, therefore, with galloping whimsey, inventing an ambiguity out of whole cloth (except that it is not whole but is as leaky as Swiss cheese). *Taste* in the sense of "flavor," an attribute of a physi-

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cal thing, cannot be offered as an alternative to *taste* in its meaning of discernment or critical judgment or the appreciation of fitness. The two cannot be equated any more than, say, birdsong and geology. It is a lousy, stupid joke. And a dangerous one: Toddlers, who have not yet learned to smoke but have begun to learn to talk, can and do pick up most insalubrious, most deleterious habits from the mischievous rascals of the airwaves. One summer day—*after* the ban—there stole upon my ear a chorus of lilting children's voices, and, going to the window, I beheld a band of little girls on their way to Brownie camp. Their marching song was "Winston Tastes Good," and then came the defiant battle cry, "What do you want, good grammar or good taste?" What *I* wanted was to go out and tan the backsides of the whole troop, wash out their mouths with brown soap, and have their teenaged leader cashiered from her command.

Countless useful, onetime-respectable words have been so defaced and debased and deformed that those of us who look upon ourselves as the custodians of the mother tongue find our vocabularies diminished. We hesitate to use a word lest it be misconstrued in the incorrect but faddish sense. One functional word I miss is *irrelevant*. *Irrelevance* has come to denote the condition of "not being with it" or "not making the scene," of not being involved in a cause, whether it is the legalization of marijuana, the right to substitute the peace symbol for the stars in Old Glory, the renunciation of celibacy by the clergy, the decapitation of all policemen and all members of the standing army, or the movement to unman sexists.

Lately the word *ethnic* has taken a fearful trouncing and for all practical purposes has, I'm afraid, been kayoed for keeps. I was invited once to an "ethnic" dinner party. The eight guests were American-born Caucasians: One was a Jew, one was of German descent, one of Hungarian, one of Norwegian, the other four of Scotch-Irish-English. Our first course was sashimi, a Japanese dish of raw pickled fish; the entrée was couscous, the staple of Tunisia; our salad was Maste khiar, a Pakistani concoction of cucumbers and yoghurt (I found it rather nasty); and for dessert we had gingered kumquats. The whisky beforehand was from Tennessee, and the wines were French. In the original sense of the word, our menu (save for the vinous and spiritous matters) was indeed ethnic, but we were not an ethnic gathering. Nor would we have been if we had consisted of a Puerto Rican, a non-naturalized immigrant Pole, a black from Mississippi, a Copt, an Israeli, a Sardinian newly arrived from Cagliari, a Ukrainian, and a Presbyterian patchouli oil merchant from the Seychelles. For, when the word first came into English in 1470 (my authority is the OED), it meant, "Pertaining to nations not Christian or Jewish; heathen, pagan." If our dinner party had been held any time between that date and 1851, we would have been securely within the ethnic pale. After 1851 the word took on a larger meaning and one closer to its root; it came to be synonymous with *ethnological*, the adjective deriving from "ethnology, the science which treats of races and people, their relations, their distinctive characteristics, etc." The etymon is *ethnos*, which means simply *nation* and is to be distinguished from the largest social order, *demos*.

"The official language of the United States is now cant. ...The condition of the real language is critical."

In 1972, therefore, our group was, according to the new meaning, no more and no less ethnic than if we had been a Bengali, a Berber, a Hopi, an aboriginal Australian of the Gurindji tribe, a practitioner of voodoo from Port-au-Prince, a Shintoist from southern California, and a Gabonese pygmy with a pantheon made up of animal, vegetable, and mineral deities. By the same token, our menu was no more and no less ethnic than if it had begun with pâté de foie gras and gone on to haggis and turnips, followed by a Mexican avocado salad and topped off with baklava. (We'd all have been so sick we wouldn't have given a hang about our ancestry.)

In the present heyday of linguistic buffoonery, the word has been spirited far away from its source, and it is used so broadly and so loosely that it has little meaning left. I once read in an article about Betty Friedan in *The New York Times* that as a girl growing up in the Middle West ". . . she was intelligent and a Jew. Her friends overlooked her appearance and brains, but when it came time for the pubescent savagery of sorority pledging at Peoria High School, *ethnics* [italics mine] could not be forgotten." The lexicographers of *Webster's New International* (the second edition; I do not countenance the third), of the OED, and of *The American Heritage Dictionary* do not list the noun *ethnics*, and I do not know what it means. (I can guess, but I don't choose to.) In the next sentence, though, I got a clue when I read that, not having been asked to join a sorority, "the outcast . . . vowed. . . ." Am I to take it that to be ethnic is to be an outcast and that *ethnics* are the stigmata by which the pariah is recognized? Are they akin to genes? Or are they *imponderabilia, je ne sais quoi*, like sex appeal or mother wit? The term, as Ms. Friedan's apologist uses it, seems to be one of opprobrium among the rednecks of Illinois.

Elsewhere, however, it emanates glamour, and on another page of the same edition of the *Times*, I read, "*Ethnic* is the word for fashion's here and now. It started with the young and their reaction against mass production, which left them craving individuality. . . . If you enjoy zipping around the city, shopping for the real, handmade thing—and in many spots speaking in a foreign tongue. . . ." So, then, are ethnics interchangeable with exotica? With handmade articles? How lucky is that hypothetical miss breathlessly flitting from East Side to West Side and all around the town, buying an evzone jacket here and a jellaba there, a Peruvian cartridge belt in a super little shop reeking of llama curds and whey, a pair of Masai ear stretchers and a nose torment to match, a Chinese laundry yoke, and a great big Lithuanian coat made of sheet metal and reindeer hide and buttoned with genuine cobblestones. From ghetto to ghetto she trips, this bonny lass, in her high-principled craving for individuality and the real ethnic thing; and remember that in many spots she will, if the *Times* has its way, be speaking in a foreign tongue. Undaunted, we presume, by Arabic and Latvian, and managing, in pidgin Kurdish, to bargain for a pair of papush with tinkly bells on the ethnic twinkle-toes. Flipping a few pages further through the *Times*, that good, gray comic book, I found that Gimbel's, catering to "the sportive lifestyle" (don't get me started on *lifestyle*; I'm rabid enough as it is) was offering "Folkloric Wool Jacquard Ponchos." I suspect that *folkloric* is the vernacular for *ethnic*. I would like to point out, Mr. Up-to-the-Minute Gim-

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bel, that M. Joseph Marie Jacquard was an astute businessman who did not fool around with any old-timey folkloric whimwhams: By 1812, 11,000 of the looms he invented were in use in *factories,* and I've little doubt that the industry must now show a tidy annual profit.

Although the terminal letter of the word is, so far, still *c,* I cannot help feeling that in time it will be replaced with *k,* and then *ethnik* will have something in common with *beatnik* and *nudnik.* The fact is that everybody on earth is ethnic, just as everybody is *foreign* except within the limits of his own territorial imperative.

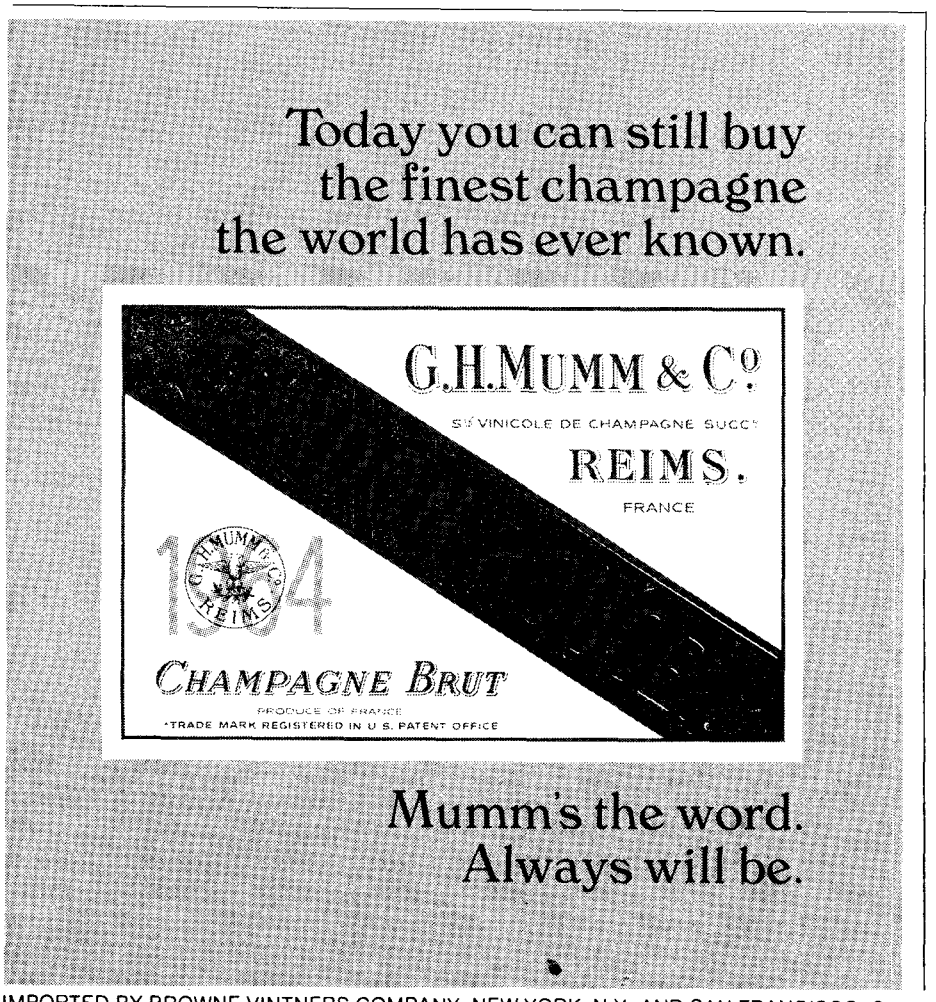
Other words have been kidnaped, so to speak, from their rightful dwelling places, and the ransom asked for the return to their homes is too high ever to be paid. Such a word is *charisma.* I am not sure, but I believe it became fashionable during the Kennedy administration, and at the start it was used more or less correctly to describe one of the President's assets, which was—and I quote again from the OED—"a rare quality or power attributed to those persons who have demonstrated an exceptional ability for leadership and for securing the devotion of large numbers of people." Unfortunately the admen and the gossip columnists got their grubby hands on the word, and now it is used by furriers to tout autumn-haze mink jackets and by perfumers (by the way, there is a perfume on the market said to be made of "strawberry musk"; since when does a strawberry have a glandular sac beneath the skin of the abdomen of the male that excretes *musk*?), and by the press agents of Hollywood starlets. It has come to be vaguely synonymous with *charming,* and it has acquired a worldly aura. It derives, in fact, from the Greek word meaning "grace," and when it was used anciently by theologians, it meant "a gift of God." What a beautiful word! How rare and subtle an essence it defines, and, therefore, how carefully and seldom it should be used!

We are scarcely a nation now at all; we are, rather, a conglomeration of very nearly countless incoherent splinter groups. It seems to me that, paradoxically, it is our very conformity of speech and passing passions that have exploded the integer to which the founding fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. And it seems to me, further, that this conformity has come about—a great part of it at any rate—through the reliance on platitudinous invectives, lifeless abstractions, and generalizations. News now travels instantly, and so does the language in which it is couched: Let someone of importance in Washington misuse *hopefully,* and before the hour is out, a cesspool repairman in Waukegan is saying to a customer, "Hopefully the pipe ain't broke too bad," and a hostess in Newport is saying, "Hopefully the sun will shine on the day of my *fête champêtre,*" and college professors in Massachusetts and wheat farmers in Wyoming and editorial writers in Virginia are all eagerly saying and writing down this nice, shiny, new boo-boo. Within a week the unwholesome gobbet has been assimilated into the language and has settled permanently.

If everyone is to have a radio or a television set and is to be subliminally infused with the homogeneous palaver of the announcers and commentators and your friendly Chase Manhattan banker and the purveyors of mouthwash, eyewash, and hogwash, what is going to become of regional speech? Who will carry on the rich oral traditions of New England and the South and the West? I reckon that convicts and children, who have the most time on their hands, will go on contriving slang and jokes, and, God willing, the wellspring will not be polluted and will not go dry, and hillbillies and pickpockets and able-bodied seamen and timbercruisers and southern politicians will go on sweetening the pot.

But the official language of the United States is now cant. As I said at the beginning, the condition of the *real* language is critical. Many of the neoplasms are malign and may be inoperable (e.g., *escalate, Vietnamize, input),* and about all we can do is pray. Some bird in the Watergate hearings, testifying to his true-blue, snow-white innocence of any knowledge of the "fruits of the bug," said, "Myself and two other individuals proceeded to the aforementioned location on Route XYZ, and Mr. Bandersnatch telephonically indicated to me that his answer to Mr. Jabberwock's inquiry was negative."

If H. W. Fowler, whose *Modern English Usage* is the most dazzling record of a temper tantrum ever written, were alive today, he would die. □



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Of Flounderburgers and the Fisherman's Dilemma

U.S. fishermen would like to control their coastal waters, to be able to go out there and say to a foreign ship, "Okay, get off the fish!"

By John Neary

Point Judith, Rhode Island

THE REASON YOU'RE NOT CATCHING MANY FISH, shrilled the wall poster in a local sea-food place, IS BECAUSE THEY ARE!

They, the poster explained, are Soviet and other foreign trawlers—TWELVE MILES OFF OUR COAST, AND SUCKING UP EVERYTHING THAT SWIMS, CRAWLS, OR HIDES IN THE SAND! The placard ended with a demand for a TWO-HUNDRED-MILE FISHING LIMIT NOW!

As I sat thinking over the poster's message, the waitress arrived with a miserable, briquette-shaped object that looked nothing like the succulent, snowshoe-shaped flounder I'd ordered. It looked, rather, like a slightly oversized Good Humor bar, minus its wooden stick and entombed under thick layers of jellied breadcrumbs. I smeared the "flounderburger" with tartar sauce and chomped away on it, glumly but gamely.

On the way out I looked again at that wall poster, with sharper interest: With all those foreign fleets out there scooping in fish and spewing out anonymous-looking briquettes, how can we sea-food buffs ever be sure again about the origins and contents of the cube-shaped objects dumped on our plates?

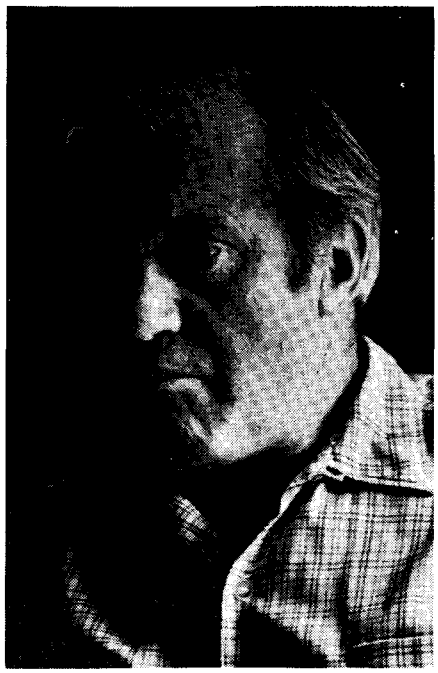
I figured, of course, that the poster's anti-poacher message was probably exaggerated. But there is no doubt that the anger it reflects is genuine enough.

The flounder-briquette dinner I had just consumed attests to the fact that the Reds aren't getting quite everything out of the ocean. Still, I suspect that in the little Point Judith sea-food place, I stumbled on two solid clues—the flounderburger and the shrill poster—to what is nothing less than a radical change in the life of the American fisherman. Always before he had been thought of as a Winslow Homer-like figure—solitary, taciturn, picturesquely resigned to life as the tides bring it to him. But the flounderburger and the poster reflect mass production, mechanization, a fiery new militance, and a high degree of politicization, fueled by a keen anger. The fisherman may even be as sore about the foreign poachers as I was about the plastic briquette.

My flounderburger and the American fisherman's dilemma have both been shaped by the same force: economics. Americans don't like fish very much to begin with: They consumed only 12.2 pounds of sea food per person last year, compared with 86.1 pounds per person in Iceland, where they can't seem to get enough of it. We Americans import vastly more sea food than our own vessels bring in each year. Those richly nutritious waters over our continental shelf, mixed with currents from the north and south, not only produce stupendous quantities of fish but also draw huge fleets of foreign fishing vessels to hunt them. More than 800 ships each year harvest the waters off the United States—Poles, Russians, Bulgarians, East Germans, West Germans, Italians, French, Norwegians, Japanese, Cubans, Greeks. Even Irish boats are out there, vying to fill their holds for tables back home. They all want sea protein far more keenly than do Americans—who make a sizable portion of what sea produce they do purchase into cat food and fertilizer, to the vast amusement of foreign fishermen. Many of the fleets competing are government subsidized, so that the independent U.S. fisherman simply cannot afford to compete with them. One result is that you will find packing plants in villages like proud old Gloucester slicing up fish caught by Polish boats, so as to supply the American fondness for fish sticks. Another result has been the imposition of quotas on coastal waters that U.S. fishermen have traditionally regarded as their own providentially granted fishing preserve. Enforcement of the quotas is vague and mostly voluntary. It is overseen only by a Coast Guard monitoring plane that carries a United States National Marine Fisheries Service spotter along on its weekly overflights. Some stocks have suffered near-mortal damage. Haddock, driven nearly to commercial extinction, cod, ocean perch, pollack, yellowtail flounder—all are now under some kind of formal quota.

This has been rough on many U.S. fishermen. Boston, heavily dependent on haddock, has seen its fishing fleet decline from seventy-nine vessels in 1958 to just thirty by 1970. Several years ago, for the first time, fish vendors at the city's wharf were selling fish, almost half a million pounds of it, that had been trucked in from as far away as Canada.

Other ports have resourcefully switched brands. Thus it is that flounderburgers much like the one that graced my plate in Point Judith begin their trip to the competitive marketplace on the first floor of a building that is the heart of Point Judith's economy: the fishermen's cooperative. When the flounder arrive here, they still look like fish. Fresh from the draggers that bring them in, they roll



Joan Neary

Jake Dykstra—"Above all, he stands four-square for the coastal fisherman."

John Neary is a free-lance writer living in New Mexico.

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on a conveyor belt past a silent gantlet of knife-wielding men and women: The long blades flash just once per fish, and the de-filleted corpse ends up in a bin. The fillet, meanwhile, is shunted along toward flounderburgerhood and destiny.

THE POINT JUDITH CO-OP is one of more than 100 maintained by some 10,000 U.S., Puerto Rican, and Virgin Islands fishermen. For the men who sail from the tiny harbor each day, the co-op provides more than just an economic edge in their endless competition with the vagaries of water, weather, and the foreign fleets. It lends them political clout, too, in the form of one Jake Dykstra, burly president of the co-op. Dykstra's father came to Point Judith many years ago to continue the livelihood he had learned as an oysterman in West Sayville, Long Island. Jake himself has been going to sea ever since he can remember.

While he still tries to spend time fishing, Dykstra has in recent years devoted huge chunks of his life to seemingly endless negotiations on the law of the sea and on the fishing arrangements between the United States and foreign nations. Dykstra is a working-fisherman co-op president. He is also a fishing industry adviser on the law of the sea and an advisory board member of the University of Rhode Island's Law of the Sea Institute. Above all, Dykstra stands foursquare for the coastal fisherman. As one co-op member put it, "Jake's the king around here—he knows everything."

One thing Jake knows is that a 200-mile exclusive zone will never work. "For the average coastal fisherman it would be simplest and neatest just to say, 'Stick the fence out there two hundred miles, and tell them to keep out.' But it's not what we can sell. For instance, it doesn't protect the salmon fishermen on the west coast, in the northwest and Alaska. Their fish range beyond two hundred miles. It doesn't please the tuna fishermen, because it's what the South Americans are trying to do to them right now. And it doesn't please the shrimp fishermen, because we have a high-seas shrimp fleet that this runs into, smack, head on."

To Dykstra and his industry the answer is a proposal based not on geography but on biology: "We would like to see the resources that are dependent on our coastal environment declared the property of the coastal nation, just as oil and minerals have been. The fin fish of the ocean can be classified into roughly three categories: coastal varieties; varieties that spawn in fresh water and spend most of their lives at sea; and high-seas varieties such as tuna, which range the ocean and do not depend on a coastal environment. There are such fish as herring, which may range quite widely. But they need the coastal environment for food and reproduction.

"We are willing to make the provision that if we do not utilize the fish, if they are underutilized, an arrangement could be made so that someone can utilize them. In other words, we just don't build a fence around food that is needed by mankind and say, 'It's ours, you can't have it, let it die'—because many of these things are a matter of acceptability to the world community. What we're doing is trying to get some kind of compromise that people can live with and that will sell.

"Our biggest difficulty domestically," Dykstra says, "is with the military. They're very, very skeptical of anything that can lead to any country barring military hardware—airplanes and nuclear submarines—through any kind of excuse. They feel that if you draw lines in the ocean and say, 'Well, we have jurisdiction for fisheries out so far,' then this will quickly be expanded to other areas and will exclude military activities."

Against this tangled background, international agreement has not been proceeding with alacrity. "The problem is that the pressures are moving faster than the diplomats," Dykstra says. "I'm afraid if they don't evolve something in 1973, events will overtake them. Already various countries—thirty-five of them in the first two years—have made some moves to extend unilateral jurisdiction."

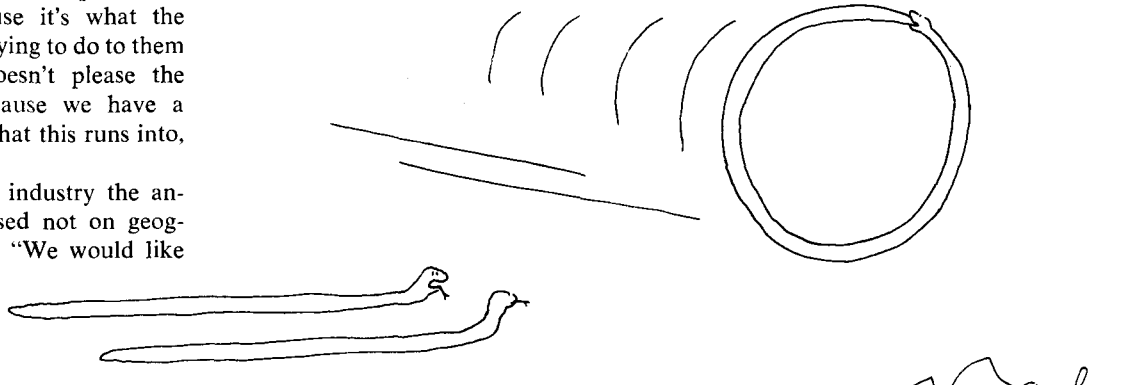
Dykstra is certain his industry eventually will get some sort of management or control over coastal fisheries, if only because the growing world employment of such zones "will demand this and the United States will go along."

Meanwhile, between now and a unilateral move or a ratified law of the sea treaty, a lot of fish are being grabbed off Point Judith. "The schedule might be," he says, "that we sign in 1975—but it might take another five years before there are enough ratifications to make it international law, seven years before we can go out and say to a foreign vessel, 'Okay, get off the fish!' This is just too long for us to wait. So we intend to ask the United States to move unilaterally in the interim."

SUCH PROPOSALS, backed by men like Dykstra and the industry's Washington lobby, the National Fisheries Institute, have been getting increasing attention in Congress. The proposals are, of course, woefully at odds with the ideal of a law of the sea that would be something more than the codification of the existing maze of treaties and fiats now in effect between nations. Demands such as Dykstra's evoke angry criticism from weary participants in the law of the sea controversy.

"There is, apparently, a belief that there is an opposition between pragmatism and idealism," growls Arvid Pardo, Malta's former ambassador to the United Nations. Pardo first articulated the beguiling phrase "common heritage of man" when he described in 1967 his vision of the ocean bed. "We need management of ocean resources," he told the participants in the University of Rhode Island Law of the Sea Institute's recent conference in Kingston, Rhode Island.

"This is essential because technology has brought about a situation where overfishing can take place. There must be certain minimal standards. We have to



"He says slithering is passé."

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have a measure of authority. If we have merely national management, this will bring about the destruction of fisheries for the simple reason that we will have different standards of management in different areas—with the effect that some states, with fish spawning in their areas of jurisdiction, will exploit fish in such a manner that there will be few fish left to swim over to the jurisdiction of other states."

At the Kingston conference I listened while a United States participant in the negotiations, Leigh Retiner, director of the Interior Department's Office of Ocean Resources, approached the dilemma from the other direction. Retiner urged the establishment of an international tribunal for jurisdictional disputes. "A treaty," Retiner asserts, "has to be written that is sufficiently attractive on basic issues to most countries that those things that cannot be resolved are left to be resolved by wise men interested in making objective decisions. Problems should not have to be resolved by the use of force, which seems to be the way we now try to resolve our law of the sea disputes."

The outlook for a successful treaty next year, Retiner says, is far from hopeful. "My fear is that the law of the sea treaty on many important issues will, of necessity, be vague," he says. "And the question is, Will nations be prepared to sacrifice just a little of their selfish interests and take a chance on a new way of resolving disputes? Or are we going to write a treaty that will give rise to disputes and force us to negotiate another silly exercise in Geneva five, ten, fifteen years from now—after a few more cod and tuna wars?"

IT SEEMED TO ME that this was where I came in; these discussions merely reflected conflicting demands instead of moving toward a rational resolution. It was as if the co-pilots of an airplane had a pleasant chat about the aerodynamics of flight while the plane hurtled toward the ground.

"As long as I see countries like the United States unable to sacrifice in their negotiations *that much* of their national interest in order to achieve the kind of broad international community I've just referred to," Retiner says, "I cannot be very hopeful that the Law of the Sea Conference will be successful."

What *is* the biggest problem, anyway? somebody asks. Oil, gas, minerals, fisheries, or what? And who really needs a law of the sea, anyhow?

(Continued on page 64.)

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Special Books for Christmas: Feasting the Eye

By Anne Hollander

The revival of interest in the juicier aspects of the social and decorative arts of the nineteenth century has given picture books about this period a new and sensational scope. Detailed representative art has always been appealing to the lust of the eye, and never more so than when used to illustrate narratives. But until the last decade, modern taste tended to discredit the enormous output of this kind of art during the second half of the nineteenth century, despite its strong attractions, in favor of the work that followed the revolutionary pictorial modes invented in France. Now we may once more unashamedly admire Beardsley, Alma-Tadema, the English pre-Raphaelites, and their disciples; new books make them more seductive than ever. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* by Marina Henderson (St. Martin's Press, $15.00) presents the works of this very influential painter-poet in juxtaposition with critical articles about them, reprinted from journals of his own and later days. The public response to these lush and fervent literary paintings is as fascinating as the pictures themselves—particularly when one remembers that, however quaint and musty they now seem, they once represented a modern and daring school. The poems written by Rossetti to match the paintings are printed with them, and a number of preliminary sketches is also reproduced, showing the essentially amateur Rossetti's struggles with what he called "somnolent models, ticklish draperies, and toppling lay figures." There is a succinct biographical essay by Susan Miller and some critical commentary by Marina Henderson.

•

Another influential figure in the same school is explored in *Burne-Jones,* edited by Martin Hanson and Bill Waters (Putnam, $25.00), a larger, more luxurious book, with a more thorough text than the Rossetti. This is a complete and respectful study in depth of the artist's life, work, and influence, which were considerably strengthened by his association with William Morris's work in illustration and the decorative arts. Burne-Jones had an international reputation and a long, extremely successful career; his work has a high degree of sophisticated finish, which Rossetti's never achieved. The distinctive Burne-Jones androgynous image, consisting of a sharp-chinned, hollow-cheeked face, wearing a look of chilled and drugged eroticism, on top of a slim, enervated body, has never lost its morbid charm. Today it has more fashionable appeal than ever, while Rossetti's luscious ladies look rather foolish. The book has a useful list of collections where the artist's work may be seen, and another list of the locations of his stained-glass windows.

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Besides illustrative and narrative content, dreamlike and mysterious meaning in pictures was celebrated during the last fifteen years of the nineteenth century by European artists whose talent seemed to flourish under the influence of Burne-Jones, rather than under that of the impressionists. *The Symbolists* by Philippe Jullian (Phaidon, $29.50) brings together a number of these very different artists who had in common the desire to deal with the profound and disturbing visions conjured by the imagination rather than with the phenomena of visible nature. This art is born of other art, secreted from overlapping memories of reproductions and illustrations, and amplified by dreams. Odilon Redon, Gustave Moreau, and Puvis de Chavannes are some of the more familiar names from this large and vivid book, which has a rather fanciful essay introducing and explaining the kinds of images captured by these painters and many reproductions of their various and haunting works.

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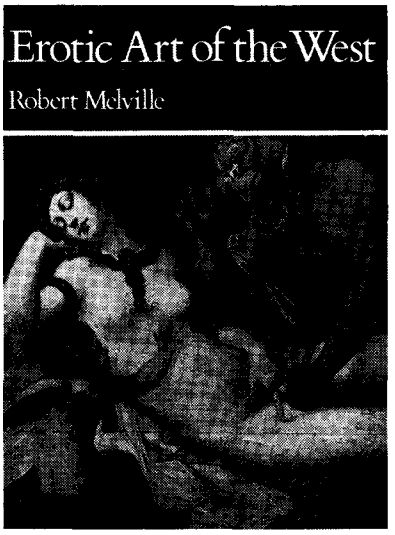
One strong feature in an artistic tradition so dependent on the workings of the unconscious is a high level of erotic content. A book dealing with eroticism alone, not only in the nineteenth century but in the whole history of European art, is *Erotic Art of the West* by Robert Melville (Putnam, $25.00). It begins with a historical essay by Simon Wilson, a lecturer at London's Tate Gallery, and then the material is grouped according to kinds of erotic subject. Pornography, or those works of art that intend only to arouse desire, is not the subject of this book, but rather the expression of the artists' subjective erotic feelings. Sections are given such titles as "Sexual Readiness," "Varieties of Love," "Violence and Violation," and the essays under separate headings are provocative, interesting, and lighthearted, though flawed by such mistakes as the use of *alibi* to mean "excuse." Illustrations are grouped together at different points but are not in coordination with the text; marginal references send the annoyed reader flipping back and forth through the pages. But his style is witty, and some of his remarks have considerable resonance, such as his observation that a thin nude is associated with depravity and shame, while a plump one is related to comfortable and healthy pleasure, and therefore skinniness is automatically the sexier, because it embodies greater wickedness and a keener sense of the forbidden. Well, maybe.



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Primitive Erotic Art, edited by Philip Rawson (Putnam, $25.00), has a less personal message for the dirty-minded reader. The book has seven articles on different regions that have produced "primitive" societies, whose alien, though often attractive, sexual attitudes are expressed in a great variety of startling artifacts. Some of the objects reproduced in this book are not obviously sexual, and their symbolism must be explained, while others are sharply explicit. The raw power in all primitive works of art, arising from their role as metaphors of real things, is here strengthened by the addition of sexual power; and yet the complex sensibility is somehow insulated from their powerful effects. We seem to require representation rather than metaphor for the nourishment of our own erotic concepts, and these striking objects leave us respectful but uninvolved.

Anne Hollander is at work on a book about the clothed form in art.

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A familiar kind of primitive religion is explored in *Gods and Goddesses of Ancient Greece* by Edward E. Barthell, Jr. (University of Miami Press, $25.00). This vast book is a complete outline and breakdown of Greek mythology, giving an account of every character with any divine mythological connections in the corpus of Greek legend. This is an encyclopedic reference work of tremendous value, not only to literary scholars and art historians but also to anyone fascinated by the complex interconnections of the Greek myths. Working from translations of all the original classical sources, the author has sorted out every character who bears the same name, and there are different kinds of charts and genealogical tables that delineate the links among the divine families of ancient Greece. There are no seductive pictures taking up space in this serious volume, except an austere neoclassic rendering of Hercules; but the book is beautifully designed, clearly organized, and a pleasure to consult.

•

Medieval pageantry is never more authentically experienced by modern folk than inside a great medieval cathedral. *Westminster Abbey* (The Annenberg School Press, $50.00) is a huge tribute to the innumerable treasures of this vast church. Several authors have contributed four scholarly essays and some memoir and commentary, all accompanied by a variety of illustrative material, including diagrams, engravings, and brilliant photographs. The august, scholarly contributors include A. L. Rowse, writing about the abbey's significance in history, and John Pope-Hennessy, writing about the tombs and monuments. Further respectful remarks are made by John Betjeman and Kenneth Clark. Like its subject, this book is pretentious, dignified, reverent—and full of variety when observed at close range. The photographs allow one's attention to focus on small architectural details and decorative motifs as well as on grandiose vistas and dramatic statuary; and different artists' versions of past events in the abbey form an absorbing *mélange*.

•

The historical glories of aristocratic England and perhaps in particular her great families, both royal and noble, seem to remain perpetually attractive to the American imagination. In *The Cecils of Hatfield House* (Houghton Mifflin, $12.95), Lord David Cecil has celebrated the more notable past members of his own family and their splendid house, where he spent his childhood. The first half of the book is a series of chatty historical portraits, beginning with Queen Elizabeth I, who lived at Hatfield as a young girl and was later responsible for founding the Cecil family fortunes. The second half of the book becomes a personal family memoir as the author portrays the individuals of his own extended memory—that is, the people remembered by the oldest people he remembers. According to this account, Elizabeth and Victoria had the services of the best Cecils; in between, they tended to be eccentric or uninteresting. There are genealogical tables and many beautiful pictures of the family and the house to delight the enthusiasts of British pomp and circumstance.

•

In sharp contrast to this gracious and mild treatment of Hatfield and its noble inhabitants, English pomp and circumstance are shown violently distorted and ridiculed in *The Cartoon History of Britain* by Michael Wynn Jones (Macmillan, $17.50). This is an excellently organized political history of England seen through the eyes of graphic satirists from 1720, at the time of the South Sea Bubble, up to 1970. The book is divided into chronological sections, each beginning with a list of prime ministers, their dates in office and parties, and a corresponding list of the principal political issues and their exact dates in that period. There follows a brisk essay on each period and a selection of appropriate cartoons reflecting prevailing attitudes and graphic styles. British cartoonists evidently had an amount of freedom not granted to other kinds of political commentators, and they boast the longest unbroken (though not the oldest) tradition of graphic satire in Western art. These cartoons are attributed where possible and completely identified and dated in the excellent descriptive captions. A knowledge of British history probably helps but is not at all necessary for an appreciation of this special view of its last 250 years. There is an introductory essay by Michael Cummings, explaining how it feels to be a political cartoonist. And he advises that a political cartoonist must be "bloody-minded, slightly anarchistic, and hold no cows sacred—and have ideas in the worst possible taste."

•

A very different sort of view of English life was expressed in the late eighteenth century by the successful portrait painters. *Reynolds* by Ellis Waterhouse (Phaidon, $25.00) gives a beautiful selection of this painter's works, which were chiefly portraits in the intensely personal, but always elegant, mode originally invented and promulgated in England by Van Dyck 150 years before. Here is a procession of the relaxed rich, well-born, and famous (usually wearing carefully simple dress), punctuated by endearing self-portraits, some idealized scenes in fancy costume, and wonderful children. Among other things, this book demonstrates how much our modern view of a child's natural looks has been formed by Joshua Reynolds. These serious, dignified, and sometimes exalted small faces reflect those intense private worlds we have since come to acknowledge as the customary realm of childhood. No previous artist had so consistently respected their existence. The book has an illuminating critical essay by way of introduction, an interesting separate essay called "Procedure and Prices," and a splendid bibliography.

•

The generation after Reynolds produced an artist in another country and of a harsher mode who was also a painter of portraits, but he is better known for the fierce, demonic children of his imagination. *Francisco Goya Drawings: The Complete Albums* by Pierre Gassier (Praeger, $39.95) reproduces all Goya's

drawings in breathtaking sequence, each group marked off by an introduction and a concluding list of critical captions. The drawings are given according to the original albums in which they were set

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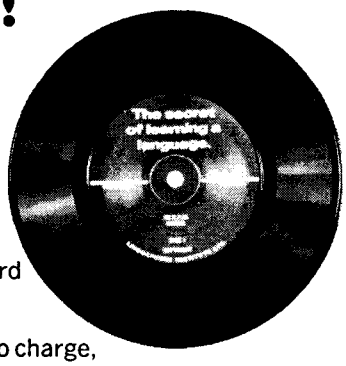

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down and kept by the artist between 1796 and 1828, the year of his death. These are not sketches made to be reproduced as etchings; they are finished as they stand, done with tremendous force and immediacy, mostly in brush and wash. Some are unbearably harsh and frightening. High-quality reproduction brings them sharply alive and shows in the last group how Goya could handle the demands of crayon and chalk with different but equally strong effect. There is a scholarly essay about the history of these albums since Goya's death, a bibliography, and a useful glossary of Spanish terms to aid in the interpretation of Goya's well-known, but always inscrutable, captions for some of these pictures.

•

Oskar Kokoschka: Drawings 1906–1965, edited by Ernest Rathenau (University of Miami Press, $17.50), shows how graphic expression can provide a highly differentiated outlet for an artist primarily concerned with paint. These are personal drawings, but they are the record of diffused and de-fused impulses rather than intensified images. Some are studies for paintings, some are quick drawings from life, and some are illustrations and sketches for posters. They vary in medium, style, and degree of finish, and their appeal depends on a previous interest in the painter's works. There is no text, except for a brief introduction by Kokoschka himself.

•

A kind of posthumous, multiple tribute has been prepared by a group of English and American art critics and scholars under the title *Picasso in Retrospect,* edited by Sir Roland Penrose and Dr. John Golding (Praeger, $37.50). Articles by seven distinguished writers have been collected to illuminate Picasso's heroic achievement from different points of view and with emphasis on different aspects. There is an overall attempt to move in a sort of backstitch along the chronological course of Picasso's career. The first piece, by Theodore Reff, is called "Themes of Love and Death in Picasso's Early Work," and the next to last, by Jean Sunderland Boggs, is entitled "The Last Thirty Years"; but they are not necessarily to be read in sequence. These serious and complex essays provide a well-knit example of the best kind of homage: careful judgment based on close, expert attention. There are more than 400 reproductions, some in color, and notes on all the chapters.

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Although they may be considered as limited in scope as Picasso was limitless, accomplished artists have devoted themselves to painting arrangements of flowers ever since classical times. *Great Flower Painters: Four Centuries of Floral Art* by Peter Mitchell (The Overlook Press, $27.95) is a persuasive introduction to this genre, which is beautifully presented and explained. The most distinguished flower painters in the Western artistic tradition are listed in alphabetical order, with at least one reproduction, usually in black and white, for each artist. There are also magnificent examples in color, some by artists more often considered great when handling other subjects—Zurbarán, Chardin, Redon, and dozens of Dutchmen. This book offers an opportunity to discover what subtle differences exist among those many flower-obsessed painters of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Holland.

•

A different approach to the representation of flowers is taken in *The Book of Flowers* by Alice M. Coats (McGraw-Hill, $30.00). In this large volume are reproduced 126 botanical illustrations, some for the first time since original publication. The pictures are of hand-colored copperplate engravings, etchings, and lithographs, which were designed to appear in books and which, in their careful delineation of detail, were wholly or partly scientific in intention. The imaginative delicacy of the rendering, however, makes these sober illustrations a delight to study for themselves, and they obviously represent a high degree of artistic achievement and accuracy. The plates are arranged chronologically and are accompanied by lengthy captions of historical explanation and descriptive comment as well as sources and dimensions.

•

The most famous single effort of a kind similar to botanical illustration is *The Birds of America* by John J. Audubon, edited by William Vogt (Macmillan, $12.50), which has been reprinted once more in its entirety from the original elephant folio (39½"x 26½") published between 1827 and 1838. The impact of the huge originals is lessened by the reduction of their size. The immense flamingo and sooty albatross have less abstract power, although others, such as the barn owl perched against a black night sky with a helpless chipmunk in one fierce claw, remain unforgettable images

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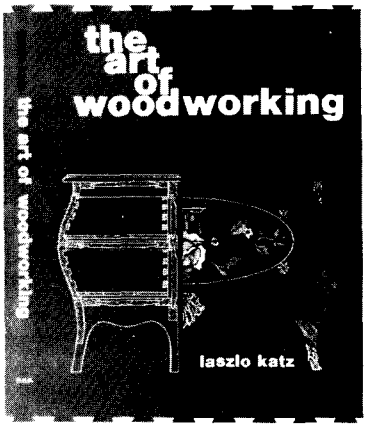

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Cats, unlike birds, have never had an Audubon, and their images in art are often less than satisfactory to true lovers of living cats. *Antique Cats for Collectors* by Katharine Morrison McClinton (Scribner's, $10.00) affords a look at a selection of cat-objects in every possible medium, besides a review of famous cat images from China, Egypt, etc. In the display of ceramic, glass, wood, stone, and ivory figurines of cats from the course of world history, the noble Egyptian bronzes obviously continue to deserve first prize. Besides such simple statuettes, there have been cat banks, cat spoons, and cat squeak-toys; images of cats have adorned fans, sofa cushions, footstools, and wallpaper; and they have a long, and by no means finished, history of appearance on posters, advertisements, cartoons, and greeting cards. The author is an antiques expert, and to antique collectors this book may be valuable. But to a cat lover, it is far too lacking in any sense of fur and purr.

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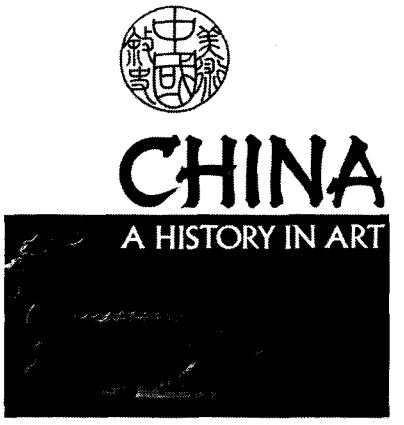
Domestic life may be enhanced not only by sleek pets and curious bric-a-brac but also by the traditional satisfactions of beautiful carpets. *Oriental Rugs in Color* by Preben Liebetrau (Macmillan, $3.95) is a tiny, but extremely useful, handbook for a prospective rug owner or for anyone seeking succinct and clear information on the subject. The densely informative text has diagrams of weaves, knots, and characteristic pattern motifs and offers one delightful formula for cleaning rugs. It consists of spreading your rug, pile downward, on top of new-fallen snow and patting it down into the snow. One then takes it up and shakes it off. Treatment is to be applied every two years (one is reminded that the book was first published in Denmark). Sixty-five colorplates are packed into this small volume, showing characteristic semi-antique rugs of the sort actually available, rather than remote museum pieces. This book is a bargain.

•

A whole range of beautiful artifacts from the East is displayed in *China, A History in Art* by Bradley Smith and Wan-go Weng (Harper & Row, $25.00). The historical survey that forms the text of this book is necessarily very much simplified, since the space is devoted mostly to excellent photographs of every kind of art work; but so ignorant are



Bradley Smith & Wan-go Weng

most Westerners of the history of this ancient and exhaustively complex country that any orderly information is welcome. The pictures are all in color, giving a dazzling and somewhat indigestible panoramic view of statues large and small, scrolls, frescoes, houses, monuments, jewels, weapons. The dose is dizzying, but helpful charts connect this huge array of objects with the course of events extending over 3000 years. The ravishing beauty of the ancient scrolls makes the socialist-realist portraits of Chairman Mao look somewhat embarrassing; but, then, modern Greek sculpture does not much resemble the Hermes of Praxiteles.

•

Another attempt at expressing historical truth through pictures of objects is made in *The American Revolution: Mirror of a People* by William Pierce Randel (Hammond, $14.95). This is a book about what it felt like to be an American during the revolutionary period. A large number of the pictures are standard historical illustrations: portraits, documents, maps, and views of buildings. But with these is offered a refreshing array of beautifully photographed objects in suitably realistic period arrangements. Actual tools, furnishings, weapons, and garments have been photographed as if in current use, to provide a lifelike vision of important mundane facts. The book is a social and cultural study of colonial life, and it ends with the revolutionary war.

•

One aspect of American life that has certain romantic associations is examined in *Riding the Rails* by Michael Mathers (Gambit, $9.95). The author,

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a Harvard graduate and a photographer, was inspired to begin his travels as a hitchhiker, he says, by Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. Since then he has been a railroad tramp long enough to collect this group of taped interviews and photographs of the homeless men who live in boxcars or outdoor communities called jungles and take only intermittent, part-time jobs. The text is a memoir of his life among them, and the pictures are a vividly grubby visual record. Together they offer a privileged, if dispiriting, glimpse of this patch of America's seamy side.

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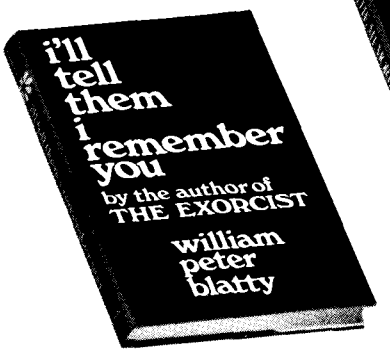
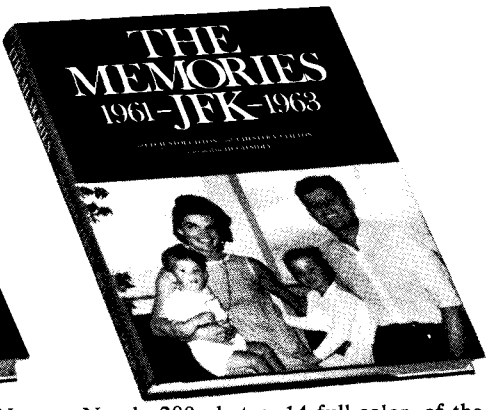
The silk-and-velvet surface of American life during the past forty years has been vividly documented in *Happy Times* by Brendan Gill and Jerome Zerbe (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $25.00). Since Brendan Gill is a very good writer, this ostensible picture book has a wonderfully literate and witty text, which effectively deepens the interest of these essentially frivolous photographs of Beautiful People at play. Zerbe is a gentleman-photographer, as Raffles was a gentleman-thief; and all his candid pictures of the rich and famous make them look intensely human and likable. He is clearly a man of great sweetness. These views of "attractive people on delightful occasions" lack any hint of bitchery, condescension, or, indeed, flattery. Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly gazing raptly at each other at their engagement banquet and the Duke of Windsor looking sweetly awkward as he sits on the grass are charming examples of Zerbe's sympathetic choice of moments. The book has one grave fault, which is a failure to date the pictures. One may try to guess, but it is really not fair.

•

Alistair Cooke's America (Knopf, $15.00) is an affectionate view of an adopted country, breezily and energetically described and further illuminated by distinguished illustrations. Witty, telling, and unusual, this book is an expansion of Mr. Cooke's thirteen-part television series on America. There is a comforting generosity of tone in all Mr. Cooke's severest judgments and a cordiality in his style, reflected from his television manner, which make one feel that America is safe under his urbane scrutiny. After gracefully scanning the whole scope of America's history, Mr. Cooke concludes that "the race is on between her decadence and her vitality." We all share his hopes about the outcome. □



"A lovely, loving book."—ROBERT NATHAN. "Delightful . . . full of beautiful descriptions."—*Miami Herald*. $5.95



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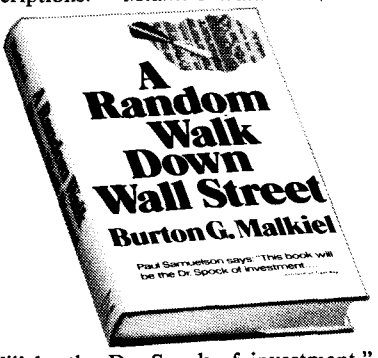
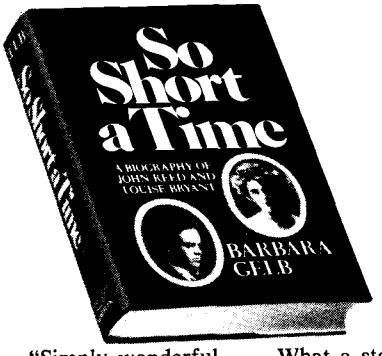


"Will be the Dr. Spock of investment."—PAUL SAMUELSON. "Belongs in the classics category."—*Forbes*. Charts. $7.95



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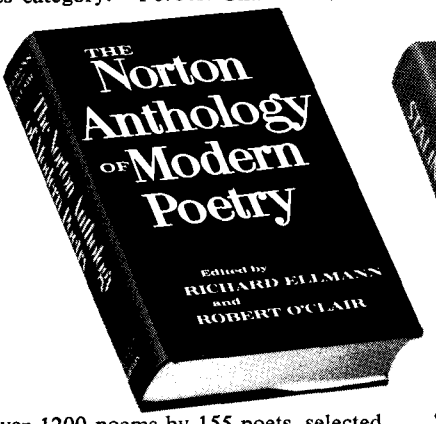

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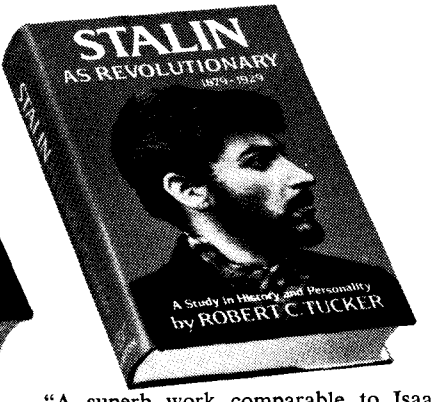

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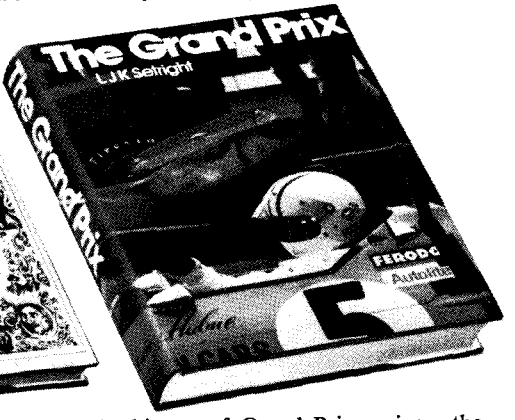

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Children's Books: The Best of a Season

By William Cole

How they come pouring in! The books mentioned below are only the tip of the iceberg, selected from some 200 I've gone through with alternating yawns and snorts. If you have small children, as I have, one of the problems is finding books to read to them that will hold some slight glimmer of interest for yourself as well. Another problem is that a kiddie book costs as much as a bottle of cheap vodka or expensive Scotch—from $3.95 to $7.95, and even higher. So you can't pick them up by the armload at your local bookstore. Here's where libraries come in handy, and libraries buy somewhere from 80 to 90 percent of the kind of children's books laid out below.

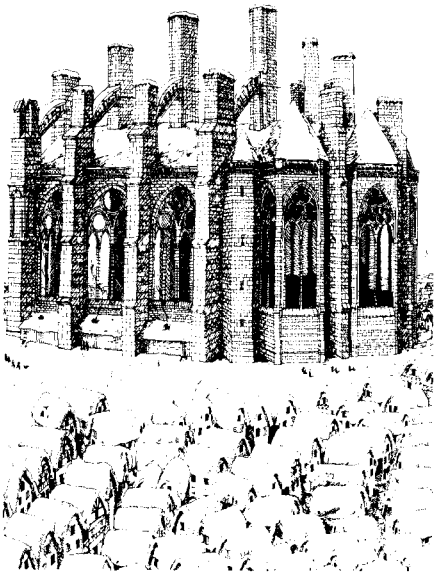
Of course a home library is a marvelous idea, too. But you have to buy selectively; the story of how Squeaky Squirrel found a nut isn't exactly a cornerstone. A home library wants books that will be read and reread: books that are repositories of information and books that are classics. You can never go wrong with books by the contemporary classics: Maurice Sendak, William Steig, Tomi Ungerer, and a handful of others.

I think of the list below as principally a guide for gift buyers. The books are meant for children up to about age eleven. As the distinguished book editor Margaret McElderry said in a recent interview, "The ages of real childhood are getting whittled away. It used to be up to twelve; now it's ten years at tops." After ten, either the kid knows his field of interest, or he's reading adult books, or he's decided not to read at all.

I've checked my favorites:

For Older Children (Roughly 8–11)

✓ CATHEDRAL: THE STORY OF ITS CONSTRUCTION by David Macaulay (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95). A large-format, completely successful how-to book about the construction of an imaginary fourteenth-century French Gothic cathedral. It took



eighty-six years to build, and from detailed line drawings, we learn all about tools, hoists, construction problems, etc. Okay, kids get busy.

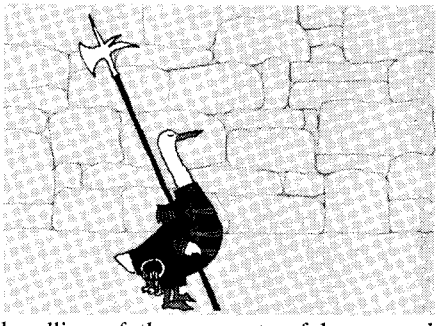
✓ IT'S ONLY ARNOLD by Brinton Turkle (Viking, $4.95). A winning story of a boy who discovers a make-up kit and tries to scare people. Nice contemporary feeling (Grandma wears slacks).

✓ A CHILD'S WORLD OF STAMPS by Mildred De Pree (Parents' Magazine Press, $4.95). A fascinating catchall: poems, folklore, games, and what-have-you about stamps. Did you know there's a stamp shaped like a banana? From Tonga. Color illustrations of rare and odd ones. A must for the young philatelist.

✓ THE JUNIPER TREE AND OTHER TALES FROM GRIMM: Translations (most) by Lore Segal and (four) by Randall Jarrell, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.95). Good Grimm; great pictures. What more do you want?

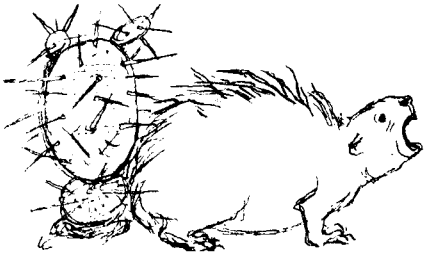
✓ THE CAT WHO WISHED TO BE A MAN by Lloyd Alexander (E. P. Dutton, $4.95). Magister Stephanus changes his cat into a person who goes off to a nearby city and rights some wrongs. Master storytelling, and a good read for anybody.

✓ THE REAL THIEF by William Steig (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95). One of America's geniuses tells and draws an interesting tale about a trustworthy goose who guards the royal treasury. Something disappears, and whodunit? Nice



handling of the concepts of honor and remorse.

✓ WITCRACKS: JOKES AND JESTS FROM AMERICAN FOLKLORE: Collected by Alvin Schwartz, illustrated by Glen Rounds (Lippincott, $4.95 cloth, $1.95 paper). Riddles, shaggy dogs, Tom Swifties, and general silliness. Third book in a charming series. The paperbound is a bargain.



✓ THE GIANT PANDA by Anthony Hiss, illustrated by Greg and Tim Hildebrant (Golden Press, $2.95). Who could help but be interested in these creatures? Pleasant, informal, and informative writing about where they come from, what they eat, what their temperaments are like—everything. Fascinating.

HERE COMES HERB'S HURRICANE! by James Stevenson (Harper & Row, $3.95). Funny adventures of a bunch of gabby woodland animals. At one point Cyrus the Gull says, "Did you see those big, graceful turns I was making? How'd I look? Did the sunlight sort of catch my wings? Did I kind of gleam and glisten?"

Among William Cole's books are thirty anthologies and ten books written for children. His current anthology is A Book of Animal Poems, *published by Viking.*

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MONEY AND KIDS: HOW TO EARN IT, SAVE IT, AND SPEND IT by Mary Price (Westminster Press, $4.50 cloth, $2.50 paper). Hundreds of things an on-the-ball youngster can do to bring in the moola: walk dogs, help the elderly, stage parties.

MEET MY FOLKS by Ted Hughes, illustrated by Mila Lazarevich (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50). One of England's major poets writes about his sister the crow, his dad the hole inspector, his granny the octopus. Skilled nonsense, but more eerie than funny, and occasionally horrifying.

THE FOOLS OF CHELM AND THEIR HISTORY by Isaac Bashevis Singer, illustrated by Uri Shulevitz (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95). A heavy-handed and confused story of a town run by dopes. Unpleasant pictures. I see no reason why any child would enjoy this.

BABA YAGA'S GEESE: Russian stories translated and adapted by Bonnie Carey, illustrated by Guy Fleming (Indiana University Press, $5.95), and BEHIND THE BACK OF THE MOUNTAIN: South African folk tales retold by Verna Aardema, illustrated by Leo and Diana Dillon (Dial, $4.95). Two handsome jobs of bookmaking; take your pick.

THE CIRCUS IS COMING by John Stewart (Westminster Press, $4.75). Young circus addicts will want to know about the biggest elephant, the famous death defiers, the funniest clowns. A circus glossary included—zebras are known as "convicts," for example.

THE GOOD GUYS AND THE BAD GUYS by Osmond Molarsky, illustrated by Harold Person (Henry Z. Walck, $4.95). A black kid and his white buddy play detectives in a big-city neighborhood. With-it dialogue: "Are you out of your gourd? They'd blow the whole case. . . ."

For Younger Children (Roughly 3-8)

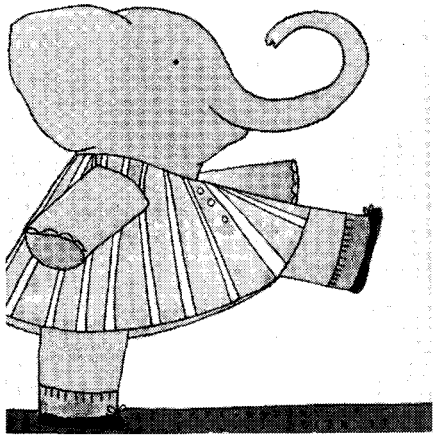
✓ MOTHER GOOSE FOR CHRISTMAS by William Pène Du Bois (Viking, $5.95). Real nursery-rhyme characters figure in this delightful tale of the kidnapping of Mother Goose herself and Goosey Gander. Entrancing illustrations, as is to be expected from Mr. Du Bois.

✓ THE CROCODILE'S TOOTHBRUSH by Boris Zakhoder, translated from Russian by Marguerita Rudolph, illustrated by Wallace Tripp (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). You guessed it: about a little bird. Jauntily done, with charming asides in the Russian manner. Funny, convincing illustrations.

✓ JACK KENT'S TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS by Jack Kent (Parents' Magazine Press, $4.50). The carol, illustrated

in cartoon style. By the time the twelve lords come a-leaping in among the ducks, the geese a-laying, the collie birds, the double-page spread looks like the famous scene from *A Night at the Opera*. Laughs for young and old.

✓ GAMES (AND HOW TO PLAY THEM) by Anne Rockwell (Crowell Collier Macmillan, $5.95). The rules for forty-three games that kids can play without equipment: kick the can, giant steps, and sardines (which is even more fun when

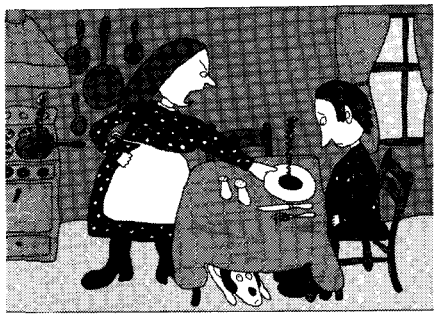


adults of various sexes play, too). Clear and amusing illustrations.

✓ JACK JOUETT'S RIDE by Gail E. Haley (Viking, $5.95). Aside from the interesting name of the author/artist (say it), this book offers handsome linoleum cuts and a fast-moving, true story of a southern Paul Revere who warned of imminent redcoats.

✓ THE DAY THE CIRCUS CAME TO LONE TREE by Glen Rounds (Holiday House, $3.95). Horse-and-buggy days out West. Circus animals escape to the desert, and the locals try to lasso them. Action-packed illustrations.

✓ BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ by Byron Barton (Macmillan, $4.95). Bright, bright colors, and a story of what eventuates when



a bee stings a bull. This one is fun for parents, too.

FURTHER TALES OF MR. PENGACHOOSA by Caroline Rush, illustrated by Dominique M. Strandquest (Crown, $4.50). The storyteller is not a ham but a hamster. He weaves ghostly, mysterious tales for his little mistress. Evocative line drawings.

MY MAMA SAYS THERE AREN'T ANY ZOMBIES . . . by Judith Viorst, illustrated by Kay Chorao (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95). Too-obvious whimsey about how mothers are often wrong.

LITTLE NEW KANGAROO by Bernard Wiseman, illustrated by Robert Lopshire

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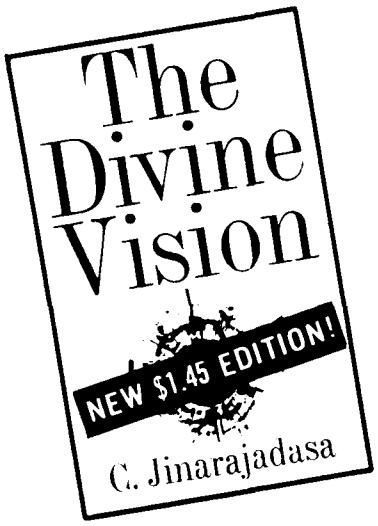

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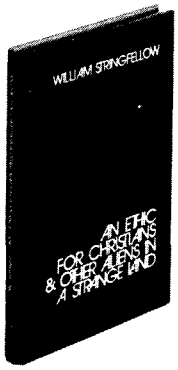

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(Macmillan, $4.50). "Mama hops./ Mama sweats./Oh, how tired/ Mama gets!" Inelegant, yes, but a nice little tale about a kangaroo who empouches a platypus, a koala, a bandicoot, a wombat, and her own kid.

THE MERMAID AND THE WHALE by Georgess McHargue, illustrated by Robert Andrew Parker (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95). Based on a Cape Cod folk tale about mad miscegenation between a scheming mermaid and an indifferent whale. Gorgeous watercolors.

NANA UPSTAIRS AND NANA DOWNSTAIRS by Tommie de Paola (Putnam, $3.95). Tommy's great-grandmother, upstairs, dies at ninety-four. How he adjusts. Touching.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER? by Lucille Clifton, illustrated by Evaline Ness (E. P. Dutton, $4.95). Little Tate's parents keep promising and not producing. Ah, but they come through in the end. Imaginative pink-and-brown pictures.

BENJY'S DOG HOUSE by Margaret Bloy Graham (Harper & Row, $4.50). If you want to encourage the dog to sleep on the children's bed, this is for you. Dad builds dog house, but no go. Clean cartoon illustrations.

LET'S PRETEND IT HAPPENED TO YOU by Bernice Wells Carlson, illustrated by Ralph J. McDonald (Abingdon Press, $4.95). Eleven well-told folk tales, together with instructions for acting them out—using simple costumes, disguising your voice, etc. Good for play groups and schools.

DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW LUCKY YOU ARE? by Dr. Seuss (Random House, $3.50). Generally "I have no use/For Dr. Seuss," but this is the best I've seen of his. Wild illustrations of people whose jobs are worse than yours could possibly be.

THE LITTLE WOOD DUCK by Brian Wildsmith (Franklin Watts, $5.95). Simple story of a duck with one foot bigger than the other, and how that helps her outwit a fox. As is usual with Wildsmith, no color is spared, and the whole thing is quite a display.

MARTHA ANN AND THE MOTHER STORE by Nathaniel and Betty Jo Charnley, illustrated by Jerome Snyder (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $4.95). Little girl tries out different mothers from the Mother Store—where they sit around awaiting

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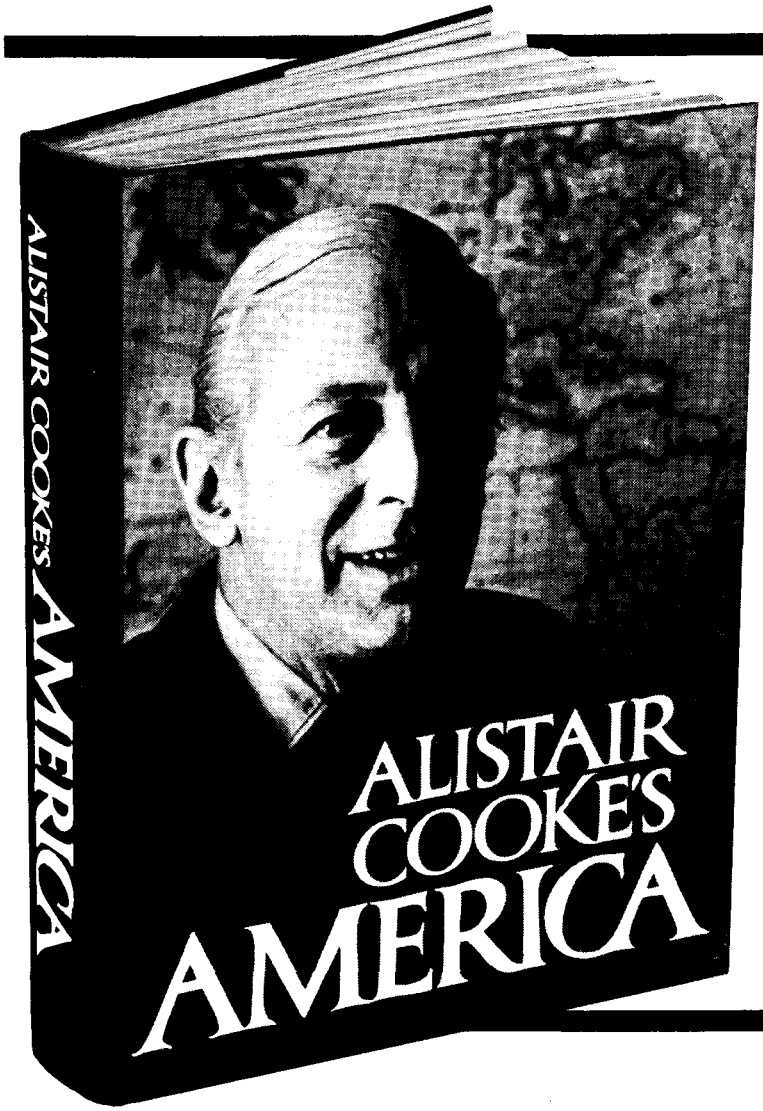

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adoption—but one is a slob, another a priss; so she decides that Mom's best after all. Funny.

FATHER CHRISTMAS by Raymond Briggs (Coward, McCann, Geoghegan, $4.95). Here's a really human Santa, who likes a drink now and then and complains about the weather and the quality of his Christmas presents. Delightful color pictures.

THE BOOK OF CHRISTMAS FOLKLORE by Tristram Potter Coffin (Seabury Press, $7.50). Really an adult book in which a folklorist takes a fairly cynical look at all the stuff and nonsense surrounding the holy day. He talks about the good things, too.

THE COOL RIDE IN THE SKY by Diane Wolkstein, illustrated by Paul Galdone (Knopf, $4.50). A simple tale of a monkey who outsmarts a buzzard. The interesting thing is that at one point the buzzard actually *eats* a live squirrel and a live rabbit, which caused my five-and-a-half year old to gasp. He's used to books in which nobody kills anybody else.

BE A FROG, A BIRD, OR A TREE by Rachel Carr (Doubleday, $5.95). Thirty yoga-like exercises for little ones, such as "Ships pass under me. People travel over me. I am a bridge!" Photos of kids twisting into shapes. If you like this sort of thing, you'll like this sort of thing.

THE LITTLE KID'S CRAFT BOOK by Jackie Vermeer and Marian Lariviere (Taplinger, $8.95). Two California ladies tell us how to make the most out of coffee grounds, eggshells, macaroni shapes, paper-towel tubes, refrigerator crates, and other would-otherwise-be-garbage. Clever.

THE BROWNSTONE by Paula Scher, illustrated by Stan Mack (Pantheon, $4.50). A Cox and Box story of various animals switching apartments in a brownstone. The cat is a singer ("do-re-meow!"), the bears wish to hibernate, the kangaroo has a tap-dancing act, and all that. Funny pictures.

BEAR MOUSE by Berniece Freschet, illustrated by Donald Carrick (Scribner's, $4.95). A meadow mouse, hunting food for her brood, has a close escape from a hawk and a bobcat, then finds a hoard of edibles. Beautiful winter-country pictures.

Paperbacks

It's come to the point where you can find almost anything you want in paperback; so why spend $4.95 when $.95 will do? The kids don't notice the difference. From Houghton Mifflin, for $.95, you can get either *Lyle and the Birthday Party* by Bernard Waber or *Curious George Rides a Bike* by H. A. Rey—both classics. This year Viking offers Bemelmans's *Madeline and the Gypsy* for $1.50. And there are lovely paperback originals: Random has a Mother Goose newly illustrated by the fine artist Aurelius Battaglia, a new Richard Scarry about *Please and Thank You,* and a delightful *Busy Wheels* by Peter Lippman —$.95 each. Most houses are publishing in—or edging over into—paperback, and a good thing it is.

From Bad to Worse by Geraldine Richelson, illustrated by Claude Lapointe (Harlan Quist, $1.50), is an up-to-date version of the sadistic German *Struwwelpeter,* with suitably horrifying illustrations of bad little girls going up in flames and awful lads with their thumbs cut off. □

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Records 1973: The Fall Collection

By Irving Kolodin

Contrary to the prophecies of decline and disaster periodically proclaimed for the production of long-playing records devoted to the more durable musical forms, quality has rarely been higher and variety never greater than in the past year. Quantity has, indeed, declined, largely because some manufacturers (including American) are not spending as much on new productions as they have in the past. But who is to say that the Chicago Symphony isn't making better records for London, under Sir Georg Solti, than it did for RCA in the past or that the Boston Symphony is hurting because of its affiliation with Deutsche Grammophon? For those who are versed in the ups and downs of domestic versus foreign record production in the Thirties: The more things change, the more they are the same.

Herewith is a two-part overview of the most interesting recordings offered this year: first, a summation of outstanding items offered in the preholiday season; second, a résumé of the year's production as sampled by WORLD and by SATURDAY REVIEW, prior to their merger.

BACH: WELL-TEMPERED CLAVICHORD, BOOK ONE. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Melodiya/Angel, SRC-4119.

Some may condemn these performances as Russified or romanticized, but nobody could regard them as other than unquestionably Richter's own. That is to say, they are thoughtful, expressive, and intensely creative. Both the piano and the recorded space are excessively resonant and blurry.

BERIO: RECITAL I (FOR CATHY). Cathy Berberian, soprano, with the composer conducting the London Sinfonietta. RCA ARL1-0036.

It doesn't require much penetration to discern in this endeavor a reprise of the method used by Berio in his *Sinfonia*—spoken text, borrowings from other composers (Monteverdi to Bernstein), inside jokes, etc. He has thus, in a single stroke, converted an innovation into a cliché.

BOITO: MEFISTOFELE (EXCERPTS). Giuseppe di Stefano, Renata Tebaldi, and Cesare Siepi, with Tullo Serafin conducting. London OS 26274.

For all its billing as Tebaldi and di Stefano's first time together on records, this disk is of primary interest for other reasons. If "the first time together" were dated 1973, who would care? Rather more special, their collaboration dates from 1959, when di Stefano began a *Mefistofele*, from which he withdrew and was replaced by Mario del Monaco. The salvaged, previously unissued matter offers di Stefano in one of the most beautiful versions of the tenor aria (*Dal campo*) ever recorded, as well as some choice ensembles with Tebaldi.

BOULEZ: SONATAS NOS. 1 AND 3 (TROPE, CONSTELLATION). Charles Rosen, piano. LE MARTEAU SANS MAITRE. Yvonne Minton, mezzo, with the Ensemble Musique Vivante. LIVRE POUR CORDES. The composer conducting the strings of the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Columbia 32160-1.

Some might wish Boulez would take more time out from conducting for composing, rather than taking time out from conducting the music of others to conduct music of his own. But his past production has a special interest under his own direction. As for Rosen, those who type him a specialist on the basis of his fine book, *Classical Period in Music*, should recall that he has also recorded works of the Viennese composers of the recent past. This is by no means an irrelevant consideration here, for the early first sonata is very much of that background. The as yet unfinished Sonata No. 3 (of which "Trope" and "Constellation" are representative sections) isn't sufficiently defined to be evaluated. Minton is certainly the best vocalist yet to be heard in a recording of *Le Marteau sans maître*, the most of Boulez to date. *Livre* is the later, expanded version of the quartet movements of the same title.

DEBUSSY: PRELUDE À L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE; PETITE SUITE. SATIE: TROIS MORCEAUX EN FORME DE POIRE. POULENC: CONCERTO IN D MINOR. Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir, duo pianists. Sergiu Comissiona conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande. London CS 6754.

Recorded performances of Ravel's version for two pianos of Debussy's aquarelle are by no means unknown, but Eden and Tamir are more successful with it than most. The performances of the more familiar works of the duo pianists' repertory are in keeping with the high standard of this partnership.

PROKOFIEV: ROMEO AND JULIET (COMPLETE BALLET). Lorin Maazel conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. London CSA 2312. Andre Previn conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Angel SC 3802.

Either of these would have filled the long-existent need for a full-length version of Prokofiev's score (the "complete" Bolshoi Ballet version conducted by Gennady Rozhdestvensky was deficient in every aural requirement). Given a choice, I prefer the partnership of Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra, for its flexibility and dynamic variety.

PUCCINI: TURANDOT. Zubin Mehta conducting, with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Montserrat Caballé, Tom Krause, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Peter Pears. London OSA 13108.

The weak link in this chain of jewels is where it might be least (or most) expected: the choice of Joan Sutherland to sing Princess Turandot. However favored by the microphone, Sutherland's sound does not possess the thrust to penetrate the orchestral sound as a Turandot should. Her voice is deficient in the vibrance a performer of Puccini's greatest role should possess. All the others, of whom Pavarotti is the most outstanding, perform well; but the totality is less than the individual elements promise.

RACHMANINOFF: COMPLETE RECORDINGS. RCA ARM 1 (5 volumes).

All of the contents of this extraordinary anniversary issue (Rachmaninoff was born in 1873) are to some degree familiar to listeners, depending on their age and background. But no one has had the opportunity before to sample the range and diversity of this great composer-pianist's art contained in the works here (derived from the Edison as well

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as the Victor catalogues). The result is thus the subject for a monograph rather than a footnote. All one can do here is call attention to the immense strength, decisiveness, and sensitivity of Rachmaninoff the performer, whether interpreting his own works or those of Chopin, Schubert, and Schumann. Incidentally, his art has never been reproduced as well as it is in these transfers, for which credit is not specified.

ROCHBERG: QUARTET NO. 3; CONCORD STRING QUARTET. Nonesuch HQ-1283.

Rochberg's third quartet, written for and first performed by the Concord Ensemble in 1972, is by far the best work by him I have yet encountered. It has some of the dialectical disposition of Elliott Carter but a good deal more clarity, warmth, and balance. Some of the sections in which Rochberg evokes classical counterpoises to his own contemporary impulses are more than nominally worthy of Beethoven, Schubert, or whomever. The performance is superb, and it is beautifully reproduced. □

Recommended in '73

Comments on these recordings released in 1973 are derived from reviews published in SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, WORLD, or SATURDAY REVIEW. Key: Robert Craft (R.C.); Roland Gelatt (R.G.); Irving Kolodin (I.K.).

Chamber Music

MOZART: DIVERTIMENTO IN D (K.334); NOTTURNO (SERENADE) IN D (K.286). Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martins-in-the-Fields. Argo.

Despite the participation of a conductor, the results respect the chamber-music character of Mozart's conception. (I.K.)

SCHUMANN: QUINTET IN E FLAT. Flonzaley Quartet, Ossip Gabrillowitsch, piano. BRAHMS: QUINTET IN F MINOR. Flonzaley Quartet, Harold Bauer, piano. RCA, two LPs.

Rapturous and refined remembrances of one of the great chamber ensembles of the century. Early electrical recording. (R.G.)

STRAUSS: METAMORPHOSEN. Herbert von Karajan conducting strings of the Berlin Philharmonic. Deutsche Grammophon.

The first entirely convincing performance of a work that is the *summa* of Strauss's incomparable instrumental expertise. With it is Beethoven's Grosse Fuge in its expanded form for multiple strings. (R.G.)

Choral Works

BEETHOVEN: MISSA SOLEMNIS. Eugene Jochum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, soloists, and the Netherlands Radio Chorus. Philips.

Imposing sobriety amid a spatial "ring" related to recording in the Amsterdam Concertgebouw. (I.K.)

DAVIES, PETER MAXWELL: MISSA SUPER L'HOMME ARME, etc. The composer conducting, with Vanessa Redgrave, speaker. L'Oiseau-Lyre.

The values in this work suggest that Davies has achieved an emotional breakthrough to a larger audience than he has already won in his native Britain. (I.K.)

ELGAR: THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS. Benjamin Britten conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Yvonne Minton. London.

Compositional insights abound in the attention lavished by England's premier composer of today on the work of his great predecessor. (I.K.)

TCHAIKOVSKY: LITURGIE DE SAINT JEAN CHRYSOSTOME. Ensemble Choral Tchaikovsky. Philips.

A little-known but important work, offered for the first time on records. (R.C.)

VERDI: REQUIEM MASS. Herbert von Karajan, with the Berlin Philharmonic, the Wiener Singverein, and Mirella Freni, Christa Ludwig, Carlo Cossutta, and Nicolai Ghiaurov. Deutsche Grammophon.

The all-star elements are imposingly reproduced. (I.K.)

Opera

BERLIOZ: BENVENUTO CELLINI. Philips.

The revelation of a musical masterpiece, among the richest and most original of any opera of the time. (R.C.)

BIZET: CARMEN. Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, etc. Deutsche Grammophon.

A bronze rather than a gold medal for a performance whose reproduction is super. (R.C.)

DELIUS: A VILLAGE ROMEO AND JULIET. Meredith Davies conducting the Royal Philharmonic, with Robert Tear, Elizabeth Harwood, etc. Angel.

A full measure of Delian magic, performed by a who's who of today's outstanding British singers, in a lush and atmospheric recording. (R.G.)

POUND: LE TESTAMENT DE VILLON. Western Opera Theater. Fantasy.

An unqualified curio (Pound's chant-like tunes orchestrated by the late George Antheil), well performed by the San Francisco Opera affiliate, directed by Robert Hughes. (I.K.)

PUCCINI: LA BOHÈME. Von Karajan conducting a cast including Mirella Freni, Luciano Pavarotti, Nicolai Ghiaurov, etc. London.

Nothing in this effort can eclipse the ardent vitality of Toscanini's recording or the chiseled elegance of Beecham's, but von Karajan's is certainly the preferred version in stereo. (R.G.)

PUCCINI: TOSCA. Victor de Sabata conducting, with Maria Callas, Giuseppe di Stefano, Tito Gobbi, and the La Scala Orchestra. HMV.

An English reissue in "electronic" stereo, which gives the mono recording of the early Fifties a freshness akin to seeing a familiar old master with all the dull varnish removed. (R.G.)

SCARLATTI, A.: THE SPANISH LADY AND THE ROMAN CAVALIER. Richmond.

The birth of the buffo, with laughter rather than tears, thanks to Fiorenza Cossuto and Lorenzo Alvary. (I.K.)

WAGNER: PARSIFAL. Solti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, René Kollo, Gottlob Frick, Christa Ludwig, D. Fischer-Dieskau, etc. London.

A temperate and conservative production, sustained by a marvelously spacious and limpid recording. (R.G.)

WAGNER: TRISTAN UND ISOLDE. Von

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Karajan conducting, with Jon Vickers, Helga Dernesch, etc. Deutsche Grammophon.

A curiously spasmodic solution to the problems of this great work. The effort is at its best (in Act 3) when exquisite agony is opulently entombed. (I.K.)

VERDI: ATTILA. Lamberto Gardelli conducting, with Cristina Deutekom, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi. Philips.

The young Verdi overrides his librettist's nonsense with some impressive music. (R.G.)

VERDI: GIOVANNI D'ARCO. James Levines conducting, with Montserrat Caballé, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, etc. Angel.

A lesser work than the preceding but not without lyrical thrust or blunt vigor. (R.G.)

VERDI: RIGOLETTO. Richard Bonynge conducting, with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, etc. London.

Add Martti Talvela as Sparafucille and the result is a five-star constellation of quality, unique for finding all the performers at the zenith of their powers. The great *Rigoletto* of today. (I.K.)

Orchestral Music

BEETHOVEN: CONCERTO IN D. Joseph Szigeti, violin, with orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter. BRAHMS: CONCERTO IN D. Szigeti, with orchestra conducted by Hamilton Harty. Columbia.

The fabled performances of Joseph Szigeti have been collated on six LPs to memorialize his attainments of the 1930s, which made his eightieth birthday (a year ago) an event to be honored. A consummate blend of classic refinement, muscular verve, and purity of line. (R.G.)

DELIUS: FLORIDA SUITE, etc. Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic. Seraphim.

A walk through the particular paradise garden that was Beecham's arborage of Delius, in all its fragrance. (I.K.)

ELGAR: CONCERTOS: VIOLIN (WITH YEHUDI MENUHIN); CELLO (WITH BEATRICE HARRISON); SYMPHONIES NOS. 1 AND 2; FALSTAFF; ENIGMA; VARIATIONS; etc. The composer conducting. HMV.

A corpus of the composer's works, which is at once invaluable and imperfect. There are marvels in the concerted works, especially in the young Menuhin's audacious, rhapsodic collaboration in 1932 with the composer conducting. Grainy sound. (R.G.)

GLAZUNOV: CONCERTO IN A MINOR. PROKOFIEV: CONCERTO NO. 1. Joseph Sivo, violin. London.

Sivo is a new name in the firmament of violinists, but he shows both the power and the luminosity to claim a place among the stars. Horst Stein conducts the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. (I.K.)

HANDEL: BALLET MUSIC. Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Argo.

Delectable tunes, bracing rhythms, and stately periods derived from *Alcina*, *Ariodante*, and *Il Pastor Fido* have been coordinated by Marriner in a way that gives him rank with such Handelians as Beecham and Mengelberg. (I.K.)

LISZT: DIE HUNNENSCHLACHT, ORPHEUS, AND MAZEPPA. Zubin Mehta conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic. London.

Few conductors can resist the invitation to excess extended by these scores. It is to Mehta's credit that he does his best in *Mazeppa*, which contains more music than the other two combined (I.K).

MAHLER: DAS LIED VON DER ERDE. Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony, with Rene Kollo, tenor, and Yvonne Minton, mezzo. London.

The finely formed detail of the orchestral performance is the special merit of this addition to Solti's inclusive treatment of the Mahler repertory. Miss Minton is, however, insufficient at both ends of her range for this work, and Kollo's sound is lighter than desirable. (I.K.)

MOZART: CONCERTOS FOR PIANOS (NOS. 1–27). Geza Anda, piano and conducting. Deutsche Grammophon.

"After comparing many performances of each concerto, I am decidedly in favor of at least *this* one-man view of them. . . . It allows the listener a greater measure of concentration on the individual qualities of the concertos themselves. . . . The recording is fine but not flawless. . . ." (R.C.)

PENDERECKI: FONOGRAMMI; KANON; EMANATIONEN; CONCERTO (CELLO); CAPRICCIO (VIOLIN); PARTITA (HARPSICHORD AND ORCHESTRA); etc. The composer conducting. Angel.

The contents of these two LPs fill in, if they do not flesh out, the somewhat incomplete portrait of the composer afforded by the works previously familiar: *The Passion According to St. Luke*, *Te Deum*, *Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima*, etc. All the mechanical details are expertly supervised. (I.K.)

PETTERSSON: SYMPHONY NO. 7. Antal Dorati conducting. London.

Neither this work nor any of its predecessors have yet been circulated in concert halls outside of Sweden, which means there is at least one musical cause worth propagating. Pettersson shows some symptoms of a Sibelius syndrome, but, for the most part, his art is personal, straightforward, understated. (I.K.)

RUSSO: THREE PIECES FOR BLUES BAND AND ORCHESTRA. Deutsche Grammophon.

The Siegel-Scheall Band does its stuff so engagingly that the intrusions of the conventional orchestra (San Francisco Symphony) led by Seiji Ozawa seem just that. The glassy sound is no help. (R.G.)

SCHOENBERG: CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN. Zeitlin, soloist. CONCERTO FOR PIANO. Alfred Brendel, soloist, with Rafael Kubelik conducting. Deutsche Grammophon.

If anyone is to make a persuasive case for the Schoenberg violin concerto, it is Zeitlin. The piano concerto, despite Brendel's best effort, remains somewhat of an aural dead end. (I.K.)

SHOSTAKOVICH: SYMPHONY NO. 15. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. RCA.

The composer's covert, and not so covert, references to the works of others leave it something more of a charade than a symphony, but the performance is wholly stimulating. (I.K.)

SAINT-SAËNS: CONCERTO NOS. 1–5. Aldo Ciccolini, piano soloist, with Serge

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Baudo conducting. Septet, Jean la Forge, piano. Angel.

This sequence may be more of Saint-Saëns than any listener would care for at a sitting, but Ciccolini's effort is consistently proficient. His alternate in the septet is altogether qualified. (I.K.)

STOKOWSKI: SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY CONCERT. Wagner, Brahms, Glazunov, Debussy, etc. London.

Many lovely examples of the conductor's inimitable phrase moldings here, particularly in the Brahms (Symphony No. 1) and Debussy (*Après-midi d'un faune*). The program on June 14, 1972, celebrated the debut of the now ninety-one-year-old maestro with the London Symphony Orchestra in 1912. (R.G.)

STRAVINSKY: LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS. Leonard Bernstein conducting. Columbia.

The recording delivers the familiar dynamism of the conductor's conception with a super-clear sound. (R.C.)

WAGNER: OVERTURES OF DIE FEEN, DAS LIEBESVERBOT, ETC. Angel.

These engaging curios are highly contributory to an understanding of Wagner's development, though for a negative rather than a positive reason. The early works have a few, but only a few, suggestions of the quality to come. Marek Janowski conducts life-givingly. (I.K.)

WEBER: SYMPHONY NO. 1. CHERUBINI: SYMPHONY IN D. Wilfried Boettcher conducting. Philips.

A pair of submasterpieces given a full measure of vitality by Boettcher. (I.K.)

Solo Instrumental

BYRD: THE WOOD SO WILD; CUTTING; GREENSLEEVES; etc. Julian Bream, Lute. RCA.

The power to enchant of so slender a sound source as the lute has been greatly enhanced by the microphone, but it is the art of Bream that really erases the centuries. A unique experience. (I.K.)

DVOŘÁK: POETICKE NALADY ("POETIC TONE PICTURES"). Gerald Robbins, piano. Genesis.

The longest of the thirteen pieces in this seldom-heard sequence is less than seven minutes in duration, but the skill and sympathy of Los Angeles–born Robbins convert them into an absorbing likeness of Dvořák. (I.K.)

DEBUSSY: ESTAMPES. Michael Beroff, piano. Angel.

Youthful aptitude at its most persuasive. (I.K.)

LISZT: ORGAN MUSIC. Daniel Chorzempa. Philips.

The material is not always worthy of the exceptional skills of Minneapolis-born Chorzempa, but the Flentrop organ of the new Rotterdam concert hall (*De Doelen*) is a fascinating listening experience on its own. (I.K.)

RACHMANINOFF: ANNIVERSARY ARTICLE.

This survey in WORLD 6/19/73 is too extensive to be synopsized, but Robert Craft's broad-ranging observations cover virtually the whole expanse of the Rachmaninoff literature.

SCHUMANN: KREISLERIANA, etc. Alicia de Larrocha, piano. London.

This Spanish artist's possession of what the military might call "smart" fingers is but one asset in a composite of mind, heart, and muscle that is uniquely appropriate to the music of Schumann. Beautiful piano sound. (I.K.)

SCRIABIN: PRELUDES, OP. 11. Ruth Laredo, piano. Desto.

Miss Laredo is but one among several American performers who have acquired an impressive mastery of the means required for Scriabin, but she is one of the best. (I.K.)

Solo Vocal

ARGENTO: LETTERS FROM COMPOSERS. CRL.

Dominic Argento is hardly better known to a large public than the texts of Schumann, Chopin, Schubert, and others he has chosen to set, but the combination makes for a special kind of listening appeal. Vern Sutton, tenor, and Jeffrey Van, guitar, are the resourceful performers. (I.K.)

BEETHOVEN: FOLK SONG ARRANGEMENTS. Deutsche Grammophon.

The material (derived from a considerable range of folk material arranged by Beethoven for a Scottish publisher who paid him well for his services) is artfully performed by soprano Edith Mathis, tenor Alexander Young, and baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. (I.K.)

CHAUSSON: POEME DE L'AMOUR ET DE LA MER. Victoria de Los Angeles, soprano. Angel.

Some might assume that the lure of Los Angeles performing a batch of Canteloube's *Chants d'Auvergne* would be the major interest of this disk. But one

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hearing of her magically evocative performance of the Chausson cycle will revise that preference. The backgrounds for both are well performed by the Lamoureux Orchestra under the direction of Jean-Pierre Jacquillat. (I.K.)

GRANADOS: TONADILLAS, etc. Victoria de Los Angeles, soprano, Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Angel.

This choice excerpt from a full evening's program recorded live at a concert of the two ladies in New York's Hunter College Auditorium in 1972 surely earns its priority by alphabetical sequence. It is also a perfect invitation to an evening of performance rarely equaled in public and practically never circulated on records. (I.K.)

MESSIAEN: POEMES POUR MI. Pierre Boulez conducting. Argo.

This early score of Messiaen will have a fascination for anyone susceptible to the post-impressionist musical winds that blew across France between the wars. Felicity Palmer is well up to the strenuous demands of the vocal part. (R.G.)

THE MAGNIFICENT MELCHIOR. Odyssey. Seraphim.

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ROSSINI: LARGO AL FACTOTUM, etc. Tita Ruffo, bass-baritone. RCA.

Unique is a common word to describe any outstanding performer, but the voice of the great Ruffo is one whose like has not been heard since the Twenties and thus may reasonably be termed unique. This applies not merely to its vastness and weight but even more to its coloration, variety, and plasticity. (I.K.)

SCHUMANN: LIEDER. Martti Talvella, bass, Irwin Gage, piano. London.

The resonant, even-textured sound of Talvella is more suitable to the songs of his countryman Yrjö Kilpinen (on side two) than they are to those of Schumann, but this is a matter of degree, not kind. Still at the beginning of his career, Talvella may well come to challenge such bassos as Hotter and Kipnis. (I.K.)

TCHAIKOVSKY: SONGS. Robert Tear, tenor. Argo.

A productive blend of Slavic excess and British restraint. (I.K.) □

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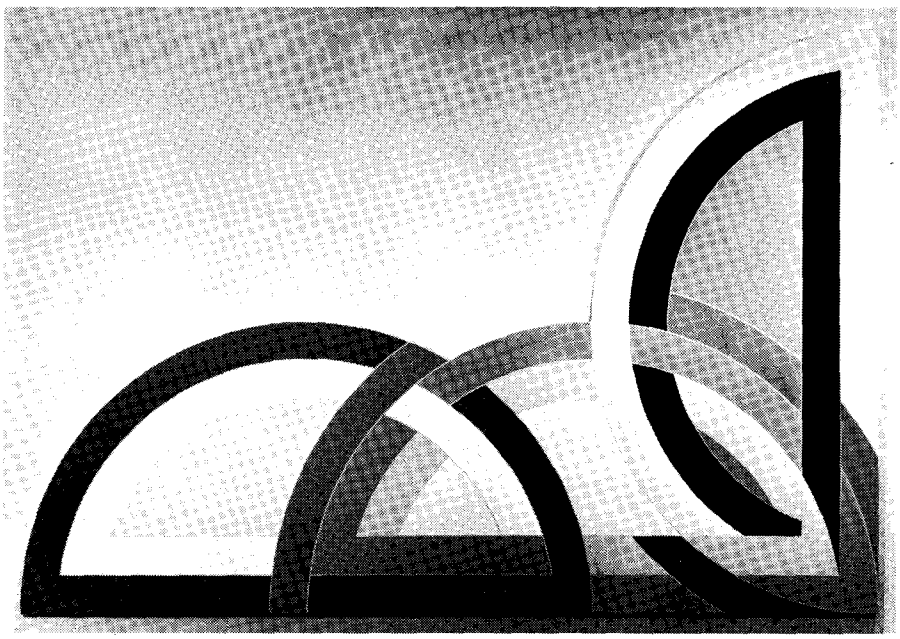

Frank Stella. "Agbatana I." 1968. 120"x180". Collection of Whitney Museum of American Art.

The New Art and Its Collectors

By Katharine Kuh

The "new collectors" are not unlike the art they collect—brash, expansive, and temporarily effective. Time was (and not so long ago) when their predecessors acquired paintings and sculpture for pleasure and rarely for monetary gain or social prestige. As a rule the earlier devotee kept the works he bought and, with passing years, often came to identify with and appreciate them more intensely. For him familiarity bred neither satiety nor dreams of aggrandizement. Today, however, one scarcely knows where to draw the line between collector and dealer, between self-publicizer and connoisseur.

Buying art can be exhilarating. It is an occupation laced with perils that only the informed or lucky can safely embrace. There is little doubt that many recent collectors as well as their forerunners are accomplished experts, but more often they depend on specialists whose advice they do not always acknowledge once their collections are widely acclaimed.

All of which occurred to me one Sunday last fall when I was leafing through a supplement of *The New York Times Magazine* called *The Home*. It was the cover that first attracted my attention: a color photograph of a chic living room overpowered by gigantic works of art. Private conversation among such singularly aggressive objects was hard to imagine. A mammoth Frank Stella dwarfed four white, overstuffed sofas; ditto a geometric Donald Judd construction. Everything was impersonal, impeccably à la mode, and frigid. True, there was strong color, but it seemed more related to an automated culture than to a human one. The aseptic atmosphere suppressed any trace of daily living and yet somehow lacked the purity associated with immaculate design.

The supplement included other photographs of the same room, one featuring two young figures draped on the sofas. They are Bil and Ellen Ehrlich, who, with their little son, live in this windowless, thirty-foot-high oasis. It is in fact called an "urban oasis" by both *The Times* and Mr. Ehrlich, the latter an architect who conceived the triplex as a setting for the contemporary American art he and his wife collect. These outsized works by the two men already mentioned and those by such other practitioners as Jules Olitski, W. Darby Barnard, Tim Scott, and Andy Warhol are pretty much in the groove. They provide little outlet for the inner man; they are precisely and only what the eye encompasses. At moments they represent a kind of bold design faintly reminiscent of interiors in exclusive fashion magazines.

THE MODERN MANIA for immensity started some years ago with the abstract expressionists, who hoped to escape ordinary pictorial boundaries by involving the viewer in an ongoing, unlimited experience. Like many of their followers, they tried to avoid beginnings and endings, but, unlike more recent painters, they depended on their own handwriting, their own immediate emotions. Many younger artists today, characterized by those in the Ehrlich collection, repudiate all personal revelations in an almost selfless concentration on the physical properties of the materials and media involved in their work. Beyond these properties one cannot venture and still maintain an art of integrity, they claim. In a way their philosophy turns paintings and sculpture into "things," always designed, but less frequently executed, by the artists themselves. The direct imprint of their hands is no longer important or even valid. This implacable emphasis on the impersonal produces a certain aridity. No one denies glass *is* glass, color *is* color, light *is* light; yet each in turn can embrace its own inherent qualities while still providing deeper insights. If we are to deny art the prerogative of paraphrasing life, then we must abandon most of the past.

The Ellsworth Kelly show, which closed at The Museum of Modern Art early last month, is a case in point. The artist himself warned us in advance that his work is extremely difficult to understand, that even his family is not up to it; so perhaps I can be excused for finding it brave, handsome, and empty. At worst Kelly is an optical trickster, at best a subtle architectural painter. No one understands scale, proportion, and saturated color more astutely. Yet is this enough? On first sight his compositions are dazzling, but on second view there is little left to ponder. Metamorphosing into brilliant designs, they become adjuncts to architecture rather than paintings to be explored on their own terms; or could it be their terms are too slender?

In any case these vast, uncluttered canvases seem to beg for corporate walls. Yet again I wonder, Do all large public or semipublic areas require monumental

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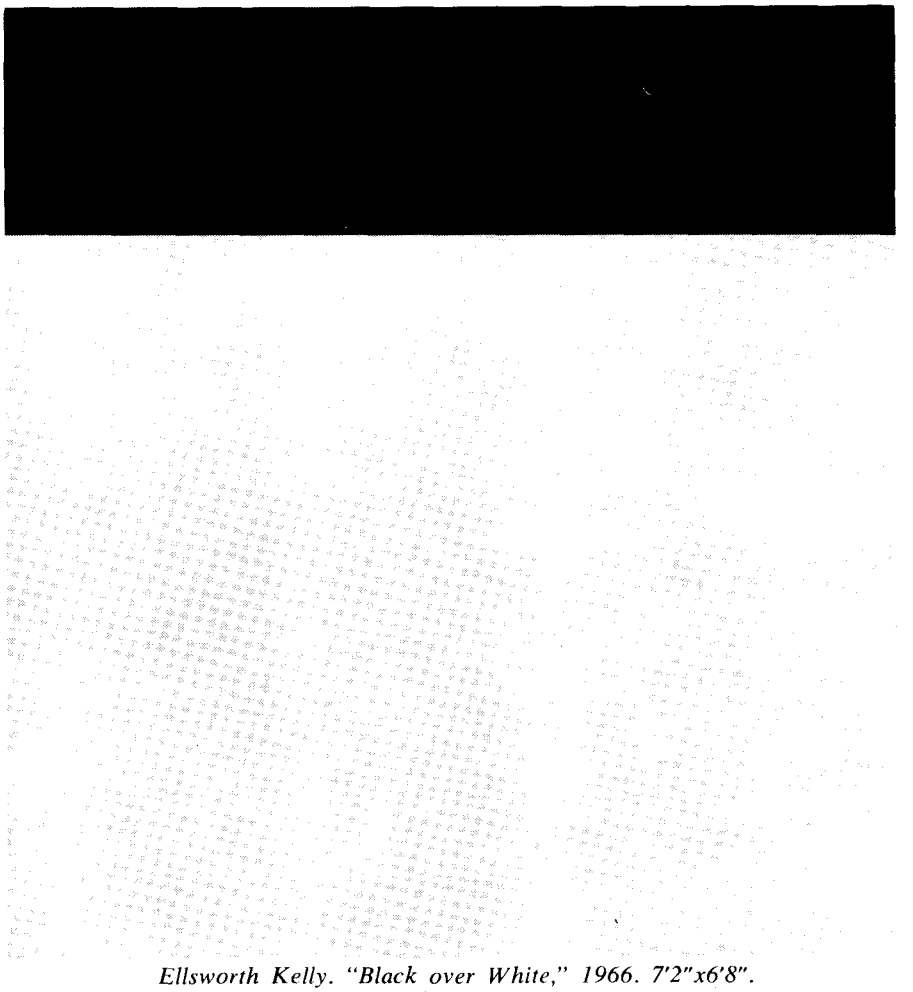
decorations? Envision a huge, open floor where numerous people are at work. If the employees' needs are to be considered, art for them must transcend architectural demands to offer some form of intimate communication. From nearby desks enormous objects can seem eternally out of scale. Too often the chief thrust of corporate collecting is to provide a smashing first impression for the visitor or to "brighten up" the wall with a splotch of strong color. I have often thought that the average executive would be satisfied with a framed swatch of cretonne were it flashy enough. For him the idea of a discreet black-and-white drawing, no matter how distinguished, is anathema.

Returning to *The Home* supplement: Another article featured an apartment with neon lights jazzing up the living room. To quote the newspaper blurb, "Neon is back—as an art form. . . . Rudi Stern, an artist who has been working with neon for ten years, uses it in the home either as sculpture or as furniture." So now even "the home" is threatened by the daily, mechanized punishment we yearn to escape. It is one thing to enjoy modern American folklore on Times Square, another to equate it with the intimacy of private surroundings. After all, who wants sunglasses during the cocktail hour? Who wants a shrill cacophony of light illuminating after-dinner coffee?

Two recent events may not typify the new collector, but they certainly add data to our understanding of him as a public character given to avuncular pronouncements and extraordinary business sagacity. Andrew Ritchie, former director of Yale's art gallery, was asked recently what he would say if a Jackson Pollock canvas went for $2 million. His reply: "I'd drop dead." This past fall Ben Heller, enthusiastic collector of abstract expressionism, sold a Pollock called *Blue Poles* to the Australian National Gallery at Canberra for exactly that irrational price. Much as I admire Pollock, I say "irrational" because time has not fully evaluated this artist, and because the sum paid for the picture outdistances all previous Pollock records by such an incredible margin as to make any purchaser pause for breath. Whether Pollock can be considered a seminal influence on a par with the greatest old masters remains to be seen. For a museum thus to invest so bloated a sum of public money is more than reckless. One thinks of the many splendid works that this gallery no doubt lacks and could have bought for the same amount. True, they might have been less newsworthy; but in aggregate, more enlightening.



Ellsworth Kelly. "Black over White," 1966. 7'2"x6'8". Collection of L.M. Asher Family, Los Angeles.

BEN HELLER'S HOME is known for its excellent group of action paintings, which were acquired well before they became generally accepted. *Blue Poles* was the climax of the collection and, covering a wall of the living room, involved the visitor in a complex experience. Unlike minimal art, with its minimal demands, this knotted, warped, tangled composition celebrates the ultimate in multiplicity. Pollock turned the very formlessness of his paintings into a new form. With him, the more you look, the more you may discover.

Then why, one asks, did Mr. Heller sell the picture? Surely not for money, if one can judge by the way he lives. He would probably say—to go on buying; but does that mean only to sell again? None of which would be of public interest were it not that Mr. Heller has handled the transaction with all the fanfare accorded a famous race horse changing hands. *Blue Poles*'s whopping price gave it overnight fame; yet it is well to remember that other fine paintings by the same artist have been sold for much less and without maudlin newspaper interviews.

In one of these interviews, after first congratulating the Canberra museum on the wisdom of its choice, Mr. Heller went on to describe himself and his children as grief-stricken at the thought of parting with the painting. If the wrench was indeed all that painful, why didn't he give *Blue Poles* to a New York museum, where other U.S. citizens could share it with him and his family? Until recently such largesse was accepted procedure, which explains why certain American art institutions, though late starters, rank with important European forerunners. Keeping the mystique alive, Mr. Heller went on to arrange a farewell dinner for the picture, explaining to the press that it was "all done on the spur of the moment for people who care about

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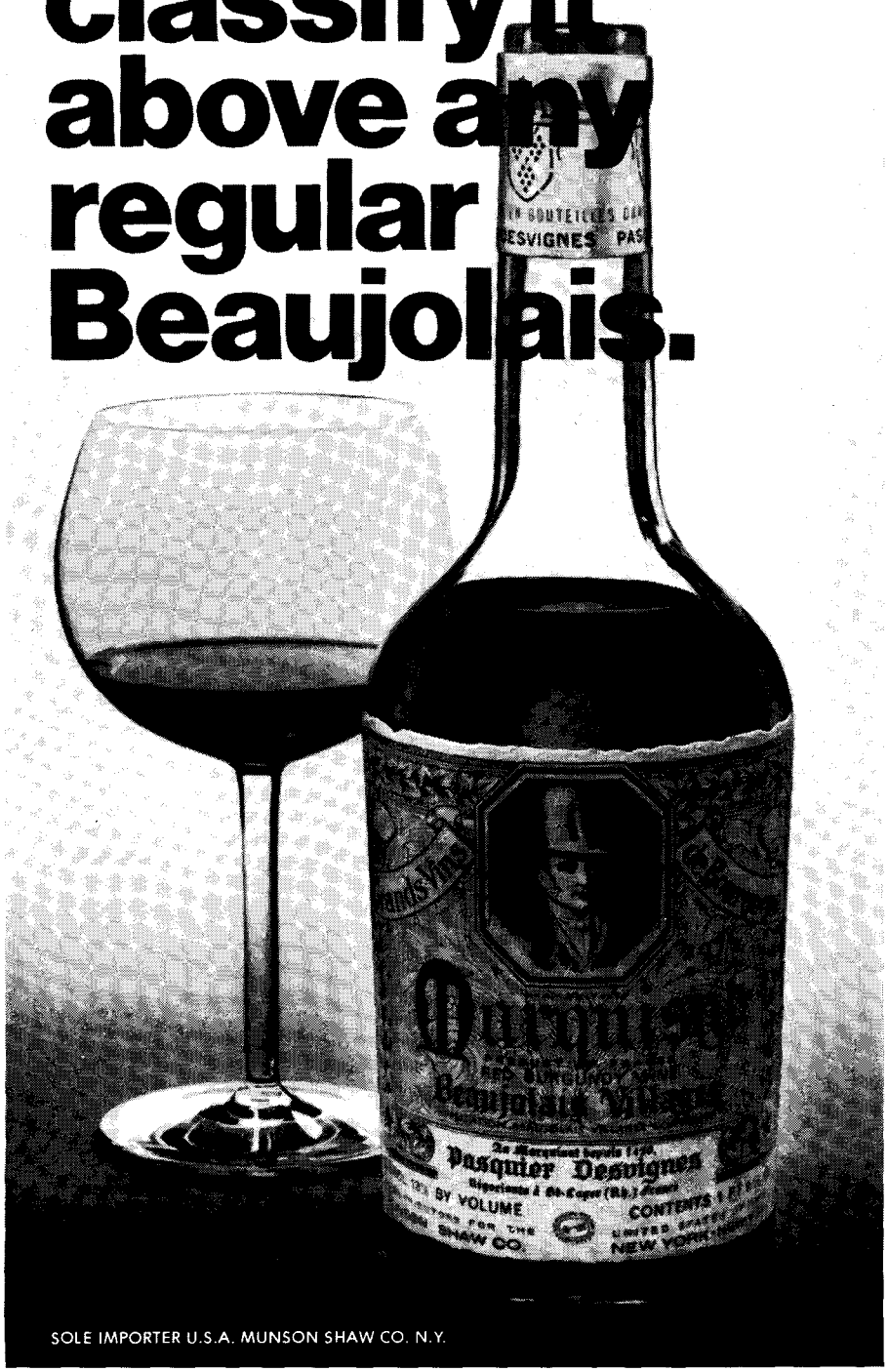

SOLE IMPORTER U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.

painting, about *Blue Poles*, about Jackson Pollock, and about us, not [about] the $2 million." But why should "people who care about painting," unless they are dealers, seriously hard up, or preparing for death, sell the very objects they care about most?

IN A SOMEWHAT similar vein, Sotheby Parke Bernet held a sale in October of fifty contemporary American works from the collection of a well-to-do taxi entrepreneur, Robert Scull. Over the past decade he and his wife have surfaced as assiduous backers of pop and op, with emphasis on the former. The Sculls became familiar images in newspapers and magazines, always photographed with their ever-growing collection and usually shown pontificating on the joys of owning art. Suddenly Mr. Scull announced, "It's time for these paintings and sculpture to get out into the world," a course that would not have precluded giving them to public institutions, many of which, by the way, in hopes of just such a windfall, had zealously courted the two owners and even indirectly helped increase the value of their works. "I simply had no room to display them," Mr. Scull explained. "Besides, I'm involved with more current things, such as earthworks," which, incidentally, take up so much room that to see them *in situ* (rather than in photographs) requires constant long-distance travel. One must rush from a cornfield in Iowa to a mountain pass in Colorado. Earthworks are the last word in depersonalized art.

Many of the compositions Mr. Scull purchased—by such artists as Warhol, Stella, Indiana, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Wesselmann, to list a few—are, as a rule, extremely large and do not lend themselves to mobility. They are too unwieldy to be stored in closets and taken out at will. Personal communion with such works is far from spontaneous. When not on view, they are usually relegated to warehouses, a factor that could partially explain why the new collectors buy and sell with supersonic speed. Is this due to loss of contact? Do these once fanatic owners get bored, or do they give up because the art, which they promote and which in turn promotes them, ceases to have staying power when its shock value is gone? Then, to be sure, as Mr. Scull says, the new collectors are off to "more current things," though what they are dumping—and, let me add, at considerable profit—is often still in its infancy. □

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS

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THE BLUE-COLLAR REVOLT

The quality of life on the assembly line has not changed much since the system was introduced in the Chicago slaughterhouses a century ago. More steps in the production process may be automated and the physical effort required may be less, but the basic principle remains the same: A worker must perform one or more operations in a prescribed number of seconds or minutes in a recurring sequence that becomes a mindless tedium.

As education and economic security have increased, these conditions have become less and less tolerable. Although the situation has not gone unreported in the United States and although a professor at the University of Utah, Frederick Hertzberg, has been called "the spiritual founder of job enrichment," the level of concern and innovation seems greater in Europe. The debate there has been intense. The Commission of the European Community has become involved with the issue, if only because alternatives to assembly-line production are more expensive and therefore affect competition among the member states. The president of the French National Assembly, Edgar Faure, when he was minister of social affairs, said that "within a generation, assembly-line work will seem as inconceivable as slavery does today."

In one of his last acts before his death in October, Wilfred Jenks, director-general of the International Labor Office, submitted a report on the growing discontent among European workers and on the need for "a thorough and objective study of job enrichment methods." Although increases in real wages in Europe have averaged at least 40 percent over the past decade, dissatisfaction among workers, he observed, was never more evident.

This fairly recent concern for providing workers with greater responsibility and improved motivation has good and sufficient cause. The increase in wildcat strikes, walkouts, rapid turnover of manpower, and absenteeism, arising from sheer boredom and in protest to monotony, has become a serious problem in Europe and America—though not yet in Japan. In Sweden Volvo pioneered team production because it had a 52 percent labor turnover in 1969. When 1400 migrant workers suddenly walked off their jobs at the Renault factory in Paris, they made clear that their protest was against noise and the monotony of their work.

Solutions are not easy to find. Technology itself imposes constraints that may be ameliorated but not removed. At a synthetic fiber plant in Gloucester, England, Imperial Chemical Industries abolished "clocking in," enlarged the scope of workers' responsibilities, relaxed its supervisory system, granted considerable management responsibility to workers, and provided large salary increases. The workers were gratified, but they still felt that their jobs were "monotonous and without much meaning." They could not escape the tyranny of the machine.

The automotive industry appears to be in the deepest trouble. Most European auto makers are increasing the number of operations that each worker performs and often increasing the time allotted for doing them. Some operations are being taken off the assembly line and given to just one "desk worker"—as, for example, the assembly of dashboards. But the larger manufacturers are not persuaded that dividing the work force into essentially autonomous teams doing many operations—as pioneered by Volvo and Saab-Scania—is adaptable to really big plants. Volkswagen points out that it produces 5000 vehicles a day compared with Volvo's 130 and that the cost of producing its cheapest car is one-third that of the cheapest Volvo. Therefore neither the "work group" nor the 10 percent increase in labor costs it involves is acceptable to Volkswagen.

However serious and constructive the effort to provide "job enrichment," there is no ultimate escape from the tedium of the machine. Present dissatisfaction will provide a further spur to more advanced automation so as to reduce the number of disgruntled workers. Wherever possible, it will also speed the transfer of the more routine manufacturing operations to the developing world, where the work force has fewer expectations.

Half-Time Work

Bennett Kreman, a labor reporter writing in *The New York Times*, has discovered that workers in a General Motors plant in Lordstown, Ohio, have found their own solution to the tedium of the assembly line (see adjoining story). In defiance of the company and the union, but with the connivance of foremen, they formed their own two-platoon teams. Instead of one man doing one operation for eight or ten hours, half the team does several operations at top speed for thirty-minute stretches, then takes thirty minutes off while the other platoon takes over. They claim that they can prove the quality of their work is superior.

Global Report

Seoul—One facet of the "stop-at-two" birth control campaign here is the effort of a group of men who have undergone vasectomies to persuade others to do the same. Members of the group call themselves "the seedless watermelons."

Huaraz, Peru—This Andean town, which was leveled by the 1970 earthquake, is being rebuilt with the traditional adobe brick, but this time mixed with 2 percent asphalt, making the adobe far more resistant to shock. In addition, some of the walls and roofs are being reinforced with "rods" of a locally grown cane, adding a further factor of strength. A second Peruvian town, on the coast, is conducting a similar experiment. Both were originated by the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) with technical assistance from the U.S. Bureau of Standards.

Asphalt-reinforced adobe is also being tried in Iran and Turkey, two other nations where earthquakes have caused devastating damage. To find out how well this construction can stand up to typhoons and tidal waves, experiments are being conducted in the Philippines as well.

Point Clear, Alabama—If oil is to be used as a means of blackmail, Americans now are assured that the practice won't be confined to the Arab states. A home-grown variety is promised.

Governors of three southern states producing about 75 percent of the nation's oil have threatened to cut off oil deliveries to states that do not lower

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their environmental standards to permit increased refining and exploratory drilling. At a meeting of seventeen southern governors here, the chief executives of Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma predicted that they would soon use their "police power" to determine who gets their oil. Those most exposed to the threat are the Atlantic states that have resisted offshore drilling.

Genoa—Littering in the name of the environment is being practiced by the Hydrobiology Institute here. Into the Ligurian Sea scientists have tossed 30,000 plastic cards bearing the address of the institute. By absorbing substances floating in the sea, those cards picked up and mailed will provide data on plankton and the spread of pollution. But how many people will pay any attention to apparent refuse floating in the Mediterranean?

New York—At a time of severe global shortage of pulp and paper, some large manufacturers are dropping their line of recycled papers and others are reducing the variety of recycled papers they previously produced. Their excuse is that recycled paper "hasn't caught on," that when users found the cost was comparable to that of virgin paper, they lost interest. It is true that printers generally have tried to avoid recycled paper and that a few large companies that adopted it primarily for public-relations reasons are reducing or eliminating their use of it.

As though this were not bad enough, manufacturers are shifting production from lighter to heavier papers that yield greater profits. This, according to magazine publishers, is aggravating the shortage, especially of the types of stock they use. Other factors said to be causing the shortage—in addition to increased demand—are strikes in Canada and Finland, poor weather conditions affecting the harvest, and a shortage of wood-cutting machinery.

Copenhagen—The most immediate beneficiary of the rapprochement between East and West Germany may well be the Baltic Sea. The first cooperative study of the condition of, and causes of pollution in, the Baltic is said to be making substantial progress now that all the littoral nations are participating. In addition, the seven nations —the U.S.S.R., Finland, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and the two Germanys—recently signed a convention to protect the Baltic's fish resources.

Ankara—An epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease is spreading through Turkey and posing a serious threat to Europe, where the disease has never been known. Because European livestock have no immunity to the virus, its passage across the Bosporus could be "catastrophic," according to the Food and Agricultural Organization.

Oslo—Few if any countries derive so high a proportion of their energy needs from hydroelectricity as does Norway, and there is a large potential yet to be exploited. Moreover, Norway has more land per inhabitant than any other country of Western Europe, and soil and climate have caused its relatively small population of 3.9 million to be heavily concentrated in the south. When the oil shortage is added to the equation, circumstances might suggest that increasing demand for energy should be met by further development of hydroelectric power.

Nevertheless, environmentalists have been raising strong objections to further exploitation of Norway's rivers for clean energy. On the basis of recommendations by a joint committee of conservationists and representatives of power authorities, the government has proposed that ninety-three rivers and waterfalls be permanently preserved and that a further fifty-seven be protected for ten years. The Norwegian Storting will make the final decision, possibly this month.

Richmond, Virginia—A four-bedroom house has been built near here using recycled materials almost exclusively. Because the sponsor of the project is

The Question Is Not for Experts

In determining those trade-offs that are essential to environmental management, one of the principal tools is the "cost-benefit analysis," by which the advantages and disadvantages of a particular development are weighed in terms of economics, environmental impact, and social value. The method's utility in making business decisions has been demonstrated, but increasingly it is realized that many of the most crucial decisions affecting the environment do not lend themselves to this type of analysis. "This is so," says one of the most experienced cost-benefit analysts, "because these questions are [often] of a deep *ethical* character."

The statement was made by Allen V. Kneese, director of studies for Resources for the Future in Washington, in reply to a request by the Atomic Energy Commission for a cost-benefit analysis of large-scale energy production by nuclear fission. Such analyses, he said, cannot answer the question and well may obscure it.

"Our society confronts a moral problem of a great profundity; in my opinion, it is one of the most consequential that has ever faced mankind. In a democratic society the only legitimate means for making such a choice is through the mechanisms of representative government.

"For this reason, during the short interval ahead while dependence on fission energy could still be kept within some bounds, I believe the Congress should make an open and explicit decision about this Faustian bargain. This would best be done after full national discussion at a level of seriousness and detail that the nature of the issue demands. An appropriate starting point could be hearings before a committee of Congress with a broad national policy responsibility. Technically oriented or specialized committees would not be suitable to this task. The Joint Economic Committee might be appropriate. Another possibility would be for Congress to appoint a select committee to consider this and other large ethical questions associated with developing technology. The newly established Office of Technology Assessment could be very useful to such a committee."

Mr. Kneese goes on to discuss (not weigh) the benefits and possible hazards of fission energy, concluding:

"A strategy that I feel merits sober, if not prayerful, consideration is to phase out the present set of fission reactors, put large amounts of resources into dealing with the environmental problems of fossil fuels, and price energy at its full social cost, which will help to limit demand growth. . . . At the same time the vast scientific resources that have developed around our fission program could be turned to work on fusion, deep geothermal, solar, and other large energy supply sources while continuing research on various types of breeders."

Kneese acknowledges that if this route were taken, in the short run "we would probably have to suffer the presence of more short-lived substances in the environment."

Kneese is not an expert in nuclear energy, and many who are disagree violently with his assessment of the dangers. What is important, however, is not his conclusion but the testimony of one of our most thoroughly professional environmentalists that his expertise is essentially irrelevant. The public, through its elected representatives, must decide.

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Reynolds Metals, aluminum recycled from cans is used extensively for framing as well as for siding and door and window frames. Plumbing is made of recycled copper, and bathroom fixtures are composed of marble quarry tailings. Recycled paper and fibers are used in roofing, sheathing, paneling, and floor covering. Masonry is of crushed glass and fly ash. Cabinets are made of processed wood scraps and sawdust. The driveway is composed of crushed glass and shredded tires.

Brussels—Under intense pressure both from within and outside Belgium, the government not long ago banned the shooting and trapping of songbirds. It was one of the last countries in Europe to do so. Only one migratory season later, the minister of agriculture proposed in Parliament that bird catching again be permitted—for the benefit of "bird fanciers." Webster defines a fancier as "one who has a special liking for, or interest in, a particular object or class of objects." With friends like these. . . .

Tokyo—The Honda Motor Company is going into the cattle business. Anticipating a leveling off of the auto sales boom, several manufacturers are seeking to diversify. Honda says it is experimenting with cattle in order to develop the technology for the production of farm and dairy machinery. The sale of midget cars in Japan has been declining since 1971; and domestic sales of all cars fell sharply in August, although the decline may be seasonal. On a per capita basis, automobile ownership in Japan still is one of the lowest among industrialized countries (117 per 1000), but per mile of road it is one of the highest. Japanese are openly speculating whether consciousness of auto pollution and overburdened roads and streets is causing potential buyers to reconsider. The odds, unhappily, are against it everywhere, until alternatives become more attractive.

Warsaw—Poland is engaged in a long-term project to plant forest belts around the cities and towns of Silesia. Not only is cleared land being reforested, but also conifers are being replaced by hardier deciduous trees such as oak and beech, which composed the original forests of the region. When the project is completed, about 1980, 100,000 acres will have been planted.

New Orleans—A Hungarian refugee wounded in the Soviet invasion of 1956 is said to have developed a method of producing aluminum at half the present cost and using one-tenth the electricity. Charles Toth's process requires no bauxite or electrolysis. An aluminum-chloride liquid is produced from common clay, and manganese is then used in a reaction that isolates aluminum.

Although the process is still in the laboratory stage, the stock of Toth Aluminum Corporation has a paper value of $120 million, based largely on an investment of $25 million by an English banking house to build a pilot plant. Toth was wholly unsuccessful in raising money in the United States.

New York—The Society of the Plastics Industry has published a survey and an assessment of research and technology in the recycling of plastics, prepared by the International Research and Technology Corporation in Washington. The fifty-six-page report is not optimistic about the state of the art. Plastics are difficult to separate from other waste and generally uneconomical to recycle and refabricate. Much of the report is an account of experiments that failed. About the one thing that can be said for used plastics—and it isn't much—is that they generate a lot of heat in burning, more than most furnaces can stand.

Nevertheless, the report is interesting in indicating the amount of research that is being done in the field and what a high proportion of it is being conducted in Japan, where waste plastic per capita is the highest in the world.

Geneva—December 31 is the deadline for entries in the world environment photography contest sponsored by the United Nations Environment Program. Prizewinning pictures will be distributed all over the world as part of World Environment Day 1974, and on that occasion, in June, winners of first prizes will be flown to Nairobi to participate in the celebrations at UNEP headquarters. Entries should be sent to UNEP Photo Contest, Palais des Nations, CH-1211, Geneva 10, Switzerland.

To *Boost* Population?

In the eastern region of the Federal Republic of Cameroon, the birth rate is 28 per 1000 instead of the norm for West Africa, about 50. To find out why this is so, the United Nations Fund for Population Activities (UNFPA) is providing the services of a social anthropologist and a doctor for six months. But instead of describing the project as an effort to discover the secret of the east Cameroonians' success in holding down their population growth, UNFPA astonishingly proclaims it as "a study to boost population." The fund goes on to say that the study is to find "the causes of sterility in the country's eastern region."

Now there is nothing sterile about people who are reproducing at the rate of 28 births annually per 1000 of population. Many countries are striving to get down to that figure, and many others wish to get well below it. Indeed, it is presumably a major objective of the UNFPA to assist all nations in doing so. Only a nation in which the death rate exceeds the birth rate can justifiably be granted global public funds "to boost population." So far there are no qualifying applicants.

Little-Known Foreign Correspondents

Agrarian unrest in Asia and Latin America, man's archaeological past and ecological present in Africa, problems of institutional change in Southeast Asia—these are a few of the topics essayed by fellows of the Institute of Current World Affairs and of the Alicia Patterson Foundation, two organizations with similar interests and a shared executive director. He is Richard H. Nolte, a Middle Eastern expert who was briefly ambassador to Egypt before President Nasser broke off relations with the United States as a result of the Six-Day War.

The terms of reference of the two New York–based organizations differ slightly. Institute fellows tend to be more experienced and varied in their backgrounds, and their tenure is flexible. The foundation, created by a bequest of the former editor and publisher of *Newsday*, is specifically for young journalists on one-year leaves of absence to travel and study either in the United States or abroad. The only requirement placed on the fellows—a baker's dozen in all—is that they write periodically about their experiences and observations. Their letters are distributed to interested persons in government, education, business, and the professions.

Thirty-year-old Jeffrey Race, author of *The War Comes to Long An*, is writing from Bangkok. He is concerned with "the monomania for *economic* change and *economic* means to achieve change." Believing that most human behavior is not economically motivated, he is exploring other incentives for inducing social change. The search is

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leading him to examine such institutions as government, agriculture, business, and education as they exist in Southeast Asia and the reasons why they—and the donor nations assisting them—have so generally failed to effect change.

Another fellow, Boyce Rensberger, a former science writer for *The New York Times,* is writing from Kenya, with additional support from the L. S. B. Leakey Foundation (named for the celebrated anthropologist). He has been writing about how an influx of 500 cars a day into the Nairobi National Park is harassing the wildlife, and about the destruction of Tsavo National Park by an overpopulation of elephants—20,000 to 30,000 in arid country—three times the number experts believe the park can support. Despite the fact that 3400 died in the drought three years ago, resistance to cropping remains intense.

Frances M. Foland, one of more than seventy fellows sponsored by the institute since its founding in 1926, specializes in agrarian reform. After nearly a decade of travel and study in Latin America and Asia, she has few equals in terms of the comprehensiveness of her knowledge of the subject and the extent of her firsthand observation. In more than fifty reports published since 1967, Ms. Foland has written as a political scientist, not an agronomist, analyzing why some reforms worked and others failed. On this page are excerpts from a recent unpublished article in which she contrasts the condition and attitudes of the peasantry on two continents.

The Institute of Current World Affairs and the Alicia Patterson Foundation illustrate the variety of little-known organizations that develop human resources in imaginative ways and increase our understanding of development and environment in other cultures. (Further information may be obtained by writing the Institute at 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017.)

Agrarian Unrest in Asia and Latin America: Contrasting Views of Society and Environment

Excerpts from an unpublished article by Frances Foland

Though the incubus of survival hangs equally over both Asian and Latin American peasants, the structural maladies which afflict them differ greatly. The plague of Asia is dwarf, fragmented land parcels; the plague of Latin America is latifundia [huge landholdings of the well-to-do].

Peasant winnings in both Asia and Latin America have been small, and, in both continents, any significant gains have generally been due to non-peasant reform-mongers. However, the degree of politicization seems to vary between the two continents. Latin American peasantries are largely apolitical—isolated from legitimate political channels and stolid before appeals for extra-legal action. Anomie and immobilism prevail. In Asia, however, the compact societies, mass war, and militant ideologies have politicized the rural populace of many regions: Central Luzon, Java and Bali, Vietnam, Kerala and West Bengal, China, Japan, and Taiwan. In these areas the agrarian sectors either have acquired real political power to defend their own interests, or they have mobilized to express their opposition to the status quo either by voting as a majority for anti-system parties or by using violence to press their demands.

Underlying Asia's greater capacity for collective political action is its distinctive ecosystem, blending a culture evolved from ancient times and a mode of agriculture permeating every aspect of daily life. The mold of Latin America contrasts sharply.

Rice, basis for an intensive and sedentary agriculture, has been the keystone of most Asian economies and societies since centuries before the inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere settled down to create civilizations. Wet-rice cultivation requires considerable technological skill and cooperation in order to construct and maintain the intricate hydraulic system essential for the water-dependent crop. Men and women have remodeled the landscape through centuries of terrace building, transforming steep gradients into stepped tiers of rice paddies and crosshatching alluvial plains with mazes of dikes and canals. Because its cultivation presents severe water-control problems, growing rice in flooded paddies means close coordination and mutual efforts among the farmers.

In addition to its organizing effect on Asian rural societies, wet-rice cultivation has made possible the ever-increasing population pressure on the land. Due to the water cover, the soil of a paddy maintains its fertility level throughout the years, and, if weather permits, multicropping can bring three harvests a year. The many pockets of dense population throughout Asia rest largely on a complex ecosystem shaped by wet-rice cultivation.

In contrast, Latin America is a relatively unpopulated continent, at least in its interior, and agriculture has fostered the isolation rather than the concentration of the rural populace. Men attached to a huge landholding live in scattered encampments near the fields, and their elemental needs are provided within the confines of the estate; contact with the world beyond the hacienda, fazenda, or plantation is minimal and, sometimes, even proscribed. Another large group of Latin American peasants has no ties to any one site but, rather, practices a shifting agriculture, utilizing slash-and-burn methods for the continuous clearing of new land. The lateritic soils of tropical Latin America are prone to rapid exhaustion, and, in two or three years, the cultivator moves on, perhaps to return after a period of short or long fallow.

Contrasts between the relationship of man and land in Asia and Latin America are more profound than the ratio of cultivators to the soil or the differences in agricultural practices. Different attitudes toward nature permeate the societies of the two continents, and opinions as to man's proper relationship to nature diverge widely. Orientals have viewed nature as a garden, a microcosm to be pruned, enriched, and brought to perfection; man and land are allies, and the relation is complementary. With religious and artistic connotations, agriculture is a profession of prestige.

For Latin Americans, nature has been an adversary, an endless expanse to be conquered, plundered, and abandoned when its wealth is exhausted. The cultivation of land is generally an occupation without honor, and the actual tilling is considered debasing.

Land in Latin America has traditionally been viewed as a base upon which its owner hopes to build a satrapy of political power and social prestige. The practice of agriculture is ancillary, and the valuation of land is divorced from the measure of its intrinsic fertility and potential productivity. The field workers are pawns to perform the manual tasks and to supply bloc votes or armed defense for the landlord's purposes. A sense of self-deprecation and impotence has been inculcated in generations of Latin American peasants.

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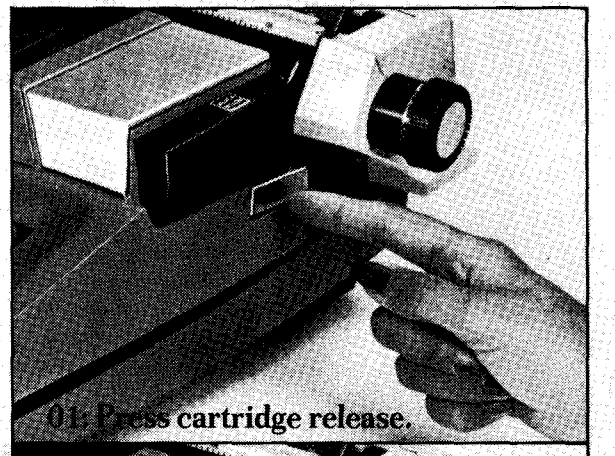
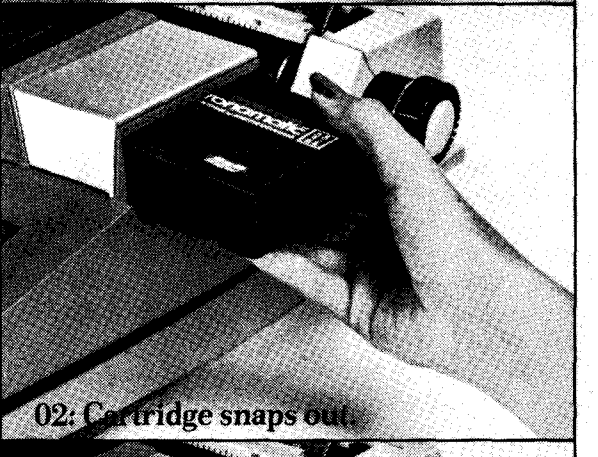


01: Press cartridge release.



02: Cartridge snaps out.

03: Snap in another cartridge.

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A Date in the Desert

By Horace Sutton

It is, I suppose, altogether possible to commune with the desert, snug in a chaise longue under a planted palm at the edge of a heated pool in somebody's pink stucco Palm Springs manse. The air is crisp in the morning and in the late afternoons, but the days are warm, the sky is clear, the mountains keep out the smog from Los Angeles 104 miles away, and Saks Fifth Avenue, desert branch, is down the manicured pike. I'm not about to give that life a knock. There are too many February days in the eastern winter when I could do with that sort of oasis a few hours' drive from the snow.

But there is a lot of California desert that has not been upholstered by the builders and dreamers conditioned by the movie-set, Busby Berkeley culture. The difficult thing is how to see it. One enterprising young banker named George Service left the financial canyons to form Desert Expeditions, Inc., an outfit that spends the fall-to-spring season taking visitors on tours of the desert back country.

Mr. Service, who has accumulated hirsute underbrush on chin and jaw but is shaven of pate, is thirty-one years old and dedicated. Fitted out with boots and a curled-brim cowboy hat, he seems part of the desert, though he is sartorially too perfect to be called a desert rat. Ride with him on a winter's day in California, and you will start easy enough, driving down the highway past the "date shake" signs and motels. But then he suddenly turns the vehicle off the road, and in minutes there you are, encased in beige desert, with no road to be seen and no other humans, either.

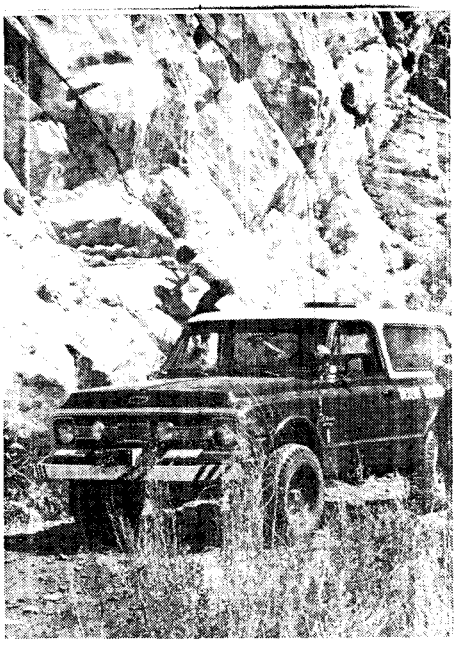
For foliage there is the smoke tree, growing in the barren earth that is little more than decomposed rock. Still, with scarcely a nourishing assist, the smoke tree blooms purple in the spring. In other seasons it is wispy and greenish gray. The early travelers who traversed the badlands thought that from a distance the trees looked like puffs of smoke. The badlands through which Service steers his vehicle have been heavily eroded by the flash floods that roar down from the mountains. In August here in the low desert, there is, as well, always the danger of quicksand.

Service uses trucks specially rebuilt for desert travel. Each is equipped with four-wheel drive, two-way radio, canvas top, and roll-up sides for unobstructed views of the outback. A back flap drops open to unfold a miniature kitchen, but when carrying large parties, Service hitches up a chuck-wagon trailer.

The caravans stop for a look at cat's-claw, an acacia plant with thorns hooked like feline talons; or green cheese wheat (that's what it smells like); or creosote bush, which the Spaniards called *hedonillo* but the American vernacularists termed "little stinker." Out in this nether world live the coyote and the miniature kit fox, no bigger than an alley cat. Bobcat inhabit the foothills, and mountain lion live in the heights, but they are elusive species for the serious animal watcher.

Mistletoe, an unlikely inhabitant of these spare parts, grows as a parasite, spread by a small bird that feeds on the mistletoe berry. The bird sits on a branch of cat's-claw, leaving its droppings, which contain mistletoe seeds. In the desert, mistletoe is hard to identify with a Christmas kiss. On the cross-country drive, the café-au-lait monotone is disrupted only by the deep green of desert fir, which smells more like cedar, and by the lavender verbena growing on the desert floor.

The trails are scarcely marked, and one wonders what built-in radar tells George Service which route to follow. In the Anza-Borrego Desert, whose limits run almost to the edge of the Salton Sea, the mud has been squeezed like a flapjack and cooked by the sun until it is a mass of flat shingles. Shards of petrified palm trees are easier to find than the tire treads of a jeep that rolled over the desert only a few hours before. The old trails crossed by the Conestoga wagons, by Kit Carson, and by the gold hunters wind and twist down steep embankments, emerging at an oasis called Seventeen Palms. The wind swirls in an afternoon fury, rattling the dried fronds until they chatter like the teeth of a dude caught in the Klondike. Messages were once left here, marked for travelers coming through at some other time, in the fashion that today's students traveling abroad use American Express offices as a mail drop. Even now, the old barrel at Seventeen Palms is filled with letters left more as a lark than as a means of communication. How the notes accumulate in such quantity is difficult to determine. On one full day of exploration in the spare Anza-Borrego Desert, only three other parties were spotted: a camper, a Volkswagen equipped with special tires, and two travelers on Vespas.



Palm Springs Convention & Visitors Bureau

Palm Springs outback—"Mud squeezed

Besides the day-trip to the Anza-Borrego Desert, one-day excursions also leave Palm Springs for Joshua Tree National Monument. Chuck-wagon steak dinners can be appended to any one-day trip for an extra $6 per person. Lunch included, the single-day outings cost $35 each if two persons travel, $25 each for three to seven explorers, and $20 each for groups of eight to ten. The tours attract serious and amateur photographers, retired people who have hardly been away from a desk for thirty years, and foreign visitors who are often brought by American hosts eager to show off a seldom-seen side of the United States.

Desert Expeditions also mounts rolling safaris into the Death Valley country between the Sierras and the Nevada state border. Service's caravans poke among the cobwebs of the ghost towns of Cerro Gordo, Schwab, and Panamint City, the silver city 6000 feet above Death Valley. Wagon trails, marked out in the nineteenth century, lead to Boulder Flat, a log-cabin settlement at 11,000 feet, from which the last inhabitant departed more than one hundred years ago. The Death Valley Days stretch from October to April, and four- to seven-day camping trips can be arranged. Two dozen people are about the limit for a single excursion, and the rates (at anywhere from $32 to $35 per person, depending on the size of the group) seem fair enough for those who would, for an interlude, find themselves removed from TV, trucks, horns, traffic, and even airplanes.

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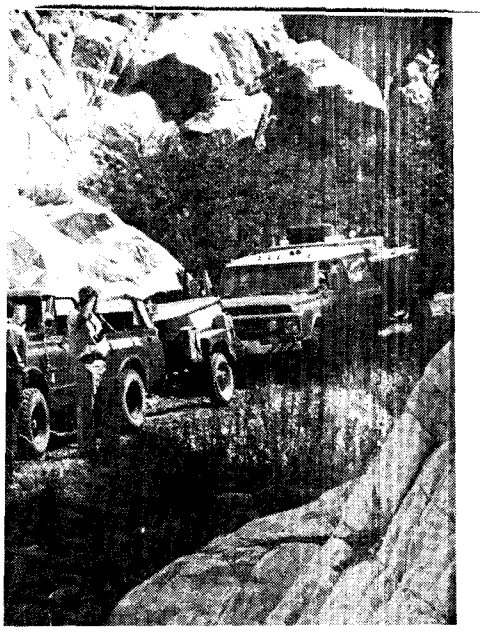

ıpjack, trails crossed by Kit Carson."

Without benefit of the sophisticated equipment employed by Desert Expeditions, visitors can, on their own, inspect the curious Salton Sea, a vast body of water thirty-five miles long and twelve miles wide. East of the Anza-Borrego Desert and south of the Joshua Tree National Monument, it sprawls over Riverside and Imperial counties.

Hardly more than seventy years ago the Coachella and Imperial valleys, as well as the Salton Sea, then called the Salton Sink, were scrabbly desert. But there were enterprising railroaders who could foresee a fertile future. The Southern Pacific had laid its tracks into Indio as early as 1876, and seven years later it had pushed the link eastward clear to New Orleans. Now the land developers envisioned another Nile Valley. Some 700 miles of canals were dug, bringing water to the 77,000 acres that were soon under cultivation. Settlers arrived in the desert centers to farm the land. The produce of California moved eastward by rail toward the waiting markets.

But the canals, fed by the roaring Colorado River, known less than affectionately as the Red Bull, carried as much silt as water. In 1904 the canals were totally blocked, leaving the Imperial Valley dry and desperate. A year later, the Red Bull, rising out of Mexico, broke its bounds and headed north. Seeking the lowest land, the Colorado flooded the Salton Sink, 232 feet below sea level.

In desperation the Southern Pacific urgently requested federal aid from President Theodore Roosevelt. But it was December, and Congress had adjourned for the holidays. Even had it been in session, it could not have acted without the approval of the Mexican government, which had to be contacted through the State Department. President Roosevelt flashed a telegram to E. H. Harriman of the Southern Pacific, telling him that the California Development Company, land speculators who had lured settlers to the West, was responsible for repairing the break. But that company was not part of Southern Pacific, Harriman replied, and, moreover, it was bankrupt. Ultimately, the Southern Pacific worked to control the Colorado, saving the valley. It was not until twenty-four years later that the railroad was reimbursed for its efforts, and even then, the check from the government was for little more than a million dollars.

THE HOOVER DAM, the Imperial Dam, and the All-American Canal came later, bringing controlled waters to irrigate the California valleys. Salton Sea became a watery playground in the midst of a highly unlikely area. Nineteen miles of shoreline are now a state park, with beaches, boating, water skiing, and fishing. One comes upon such strange sights as Mike's Tackle Box in Desert Shores, California, offering bait, fishing licenses, and tackle. Or the Rancho Marina in Thermal, California, which has all the facilities of a port town—boat rentals, bait, ice, gas, and a launching ramp. And if a Rancho Marina seems incongruous, try the Desert Sea Ranch, a bait shop in the middle of the local Sahara.

Surely the North Shore Beach and Yacht Club must be the only yacht club in the world with date palms lining its driveway and buggy-whip cactus growing at the entranceway. Half a million pounds of corvina are taken out of Salton Sea every year, and some slide-rule theoreticians who have researched the possibilities think that the sea could produce 80,000 tons of fish a year. At the present price of meat, it might be worth a try.

But the Salton Sea is a tricky place, where five-foot waves can materialize in ten minutes. When the winds rise, the boatmen don life vests and steer for shore. The state's recreation area flashes amber danger lights, meaning head for home. When the signal goes red, the only safe place for a boat or a boatman is out of the water. Sandstorms blow up quickly, producing zero visibility, and the mud bottom of the sea makes it treacherous going for those who try to wade ashore.

A less hazardous body of water in the desert is Riverside County's new Lake Cahuilla Park, a 200-acre playground in the Coachella area, four miles south of La Quinta. Ringed by mountains and dotted with planted palms, the lake is an incongruous enclave of marine life. Sailboats float across the blue, and picnic tables are set at the rim of a beach where a lifeguard is on duty during the swimming season (the temperature arches from the mid-50s to the high 90s). A kind of terraced amphitheater has been constructed for onshore fresh-water fishermen who can try for rainbow trout, black crappie, large-mouth bass, and blue-gill and red-ear sunfish. Camping areas are handy.

Indio, in the center of the Coachella Valley, just east of La Quinta, likes to call itself the date capital, not of California but of the world, although there may be some chambers of commerce in North Africa and the Middle East that would dispute the title. Indio's national date festival every February is a ten-day Arabian jamboree, complete with camels, scenery that would befit a sultanate, and a number of local citizens done up as Arabs and Bedouins. At any season of the year one can stop by the roadside date parlors for a date sundae, date ice cream, brandied date milk shakes, or, for that matter, a plain box of dates.

Shields Date Gardens sells date crystals, which the natural-foodniks will appreciate, since the sugar is unaltered. With each box of crystals Shields packs a list of recipes for such goodies as date-crystal applesauce loaf-cake, date-crystal cream pie, date-crystal cream bars, date-crystal sour-cream pie, and other culinary tidbits sure to send the garden-club ladies into a dither of ecstasy.

The Romance and Sex Life of the Date has been the hit movie out here for eons, and it is shown continuously from eight in the morning to six at night in—all right, everybody hold on—the Romance Theater. The film is rated PG. Only the female tree produces dates, which may please or distress the people over at *Ms.* I haven't yet worked out the party line, in spite of having spent a few days recently with such card-carrying proponents of the cause as Nora Ephron and Jane O'Reilly. Doubtless, they will be dismayed to know that the date-producing process requires the services of a sultan tree. The romance ends there, for fruit-bearing trees have to be hand-pollinated in the spring. If that seems a less than amatory arrangement, at least the date-growers got the season right. □

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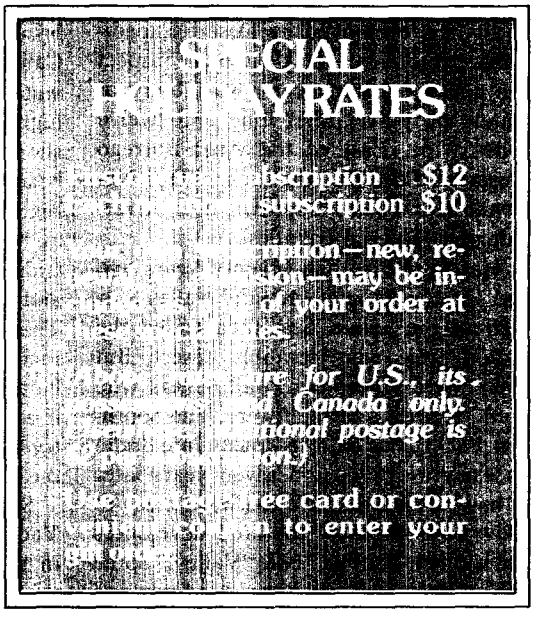

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New Approaches to Law and Order

Public concern for the constitutional rights of individuals has grown dramatically during the past decade. It developed most obviously out of the militantly aggressive civil rights and student movements. But it has been sparked, too, by studies that explored American attitudes toward the principle of individual freedom. This research has shown clearly the widespread ignorance and appalling lack of understanding of the Bill of Rights and of individual rights and responsibilities under the Constitution. Americans are devoted to the *concept* of freedom, but they are all too willing to abridge individual liberty in practice.

During the early 1960s a number of attempts were made to attack this pervasive pattern of ignorance through programs in the schools. Some were aimed at inner-city schools, where students universally looked upon the law and legal agencies as the "enemy." Rarely did they grasp the fact that the legal system was devised as a protective rather than punitive instrument. Other programs were designed for middle-class students, who did not fear the law and its agencies, but who were almost equally ignorant of the principles on which they were based. Clearly, the traditional curriculum was not developing the understanding of society's institutions that was necessary for effective citizenship.

One of the most successful programs was launched in 1963, when the Constitutional Rights Foundation (609 South Grand, Los Angeles, California 90017) persuaded the California State Board of Education to survey the nature and extent of teaching constitutional rights in the schools of the state. Finding that little was being done in any school district, the board, with CRF's help and support, developed a teacher's guide, the *Bill of Rights Source Book*, which was designed to provide background information and stimulate dialogue concerning contemporary issues among those with differing points of view. While the guide was in preparation, CRF initiated an annual series of Bill of Rights Teachers' Contests to encourage secondary school teachers to develop imaginative approaches to teaching constitutional liberties.

Following its initial efforts, CRF has pursued a varied program designed to bring together students, teachers, community representatives, law-enforcement personnel, and members of local bar associations, as well as law students and professors. These programs have ranged from the development of simulation games to student-teacher conferences, weekend camp seminars for students, a program that enables teachers to spend ten days in the field in actual work with police, district attorneys, public defenders, and parole and probation officers while they carry out their duties, and a similar program that allows students to experience at firsthand the agencies of justice in operation.

CRF is not alone in seeking greater awareness and understanding of the American system of justice. Substantial numbers of school systems and other community agencies are now sponsoring law-related programs in the nation's classrooms. Not surprisingly, the legal profession has proved most sensitive to the need for greater understanding of the role of law and the courts in our society. Over the years a growing number of attorneys and local bar associations have become involved in sponsoring or cooperating with programs in the schools, and in 1971 the American Bar Association set up a Special Committee on Youth Education for Citizenship (ABA, 1155 East 60th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60637). Its purpose is to provide help for groups interested in law-related programs and to serve as a national clearinghouse for information on curriculum materials, teacher training, and so on.

Late last year the YEFC committee, in cooperation with the American Association of Law Schools and CRF, published a *Directory of Law-Related Educational Activities*, which briefly describes some 175 law-related programs in forty-five states. YEFC also publishes *Working Notes for Bar Associations* and a bibliography of available curricula and teacher-training materials, and a recently completed film, *To Reason Why*, is designed to show the need for better understanding of the principles of freedom.

Increasingly, it appears that strong and effective programs will be developed. The YEFC's "consciousness-raising activities" are alerting a growing number of attorneys and bar associations to the need for law-related programs in the schools, and its clearinghouse services are making it easier to launch effective programs. CRF's executive director, Vivian Monroe, has recently completed an "Analysis of School-Related Law and Citizenship Projects," which should help in setting standards for both new and old programs. And the foundation itself, with partial funding from the Ford and Danforth foundations, has now established a national consulting program for state and urban agencies. A midwestern regional office of CRF was opened last September in St. Louis, and an office on the East Coast is slated for the fall of 1974.

Change comes slowly in the schools, and innovative programs do not always solve the problems they were developed to meet. However, the effort to introduce young people to the theory and practice of freedom and justice is worthy of wide support. And perhaps the most effective method of inducing understanding of complex principles was described by John C. Pittenger, secretary of education in Pennsylvania, in a recent address before the state bar association:

> To say that law should be woven into the texture of education at every point is one thing. To do it is another. . . . I don't think that the methods which local bar associations have conveniently used—Law Day, essays on "Why I Am an American" or "Our Most Precious Freedom"—are very helpful. We don't teach law students by means of solemn exhortation. We teach them by rubbing their noses in the dirt of reality. I think, with modifications, that's how we ought to teach other people about the law.

JAMES CASS
Education Editor

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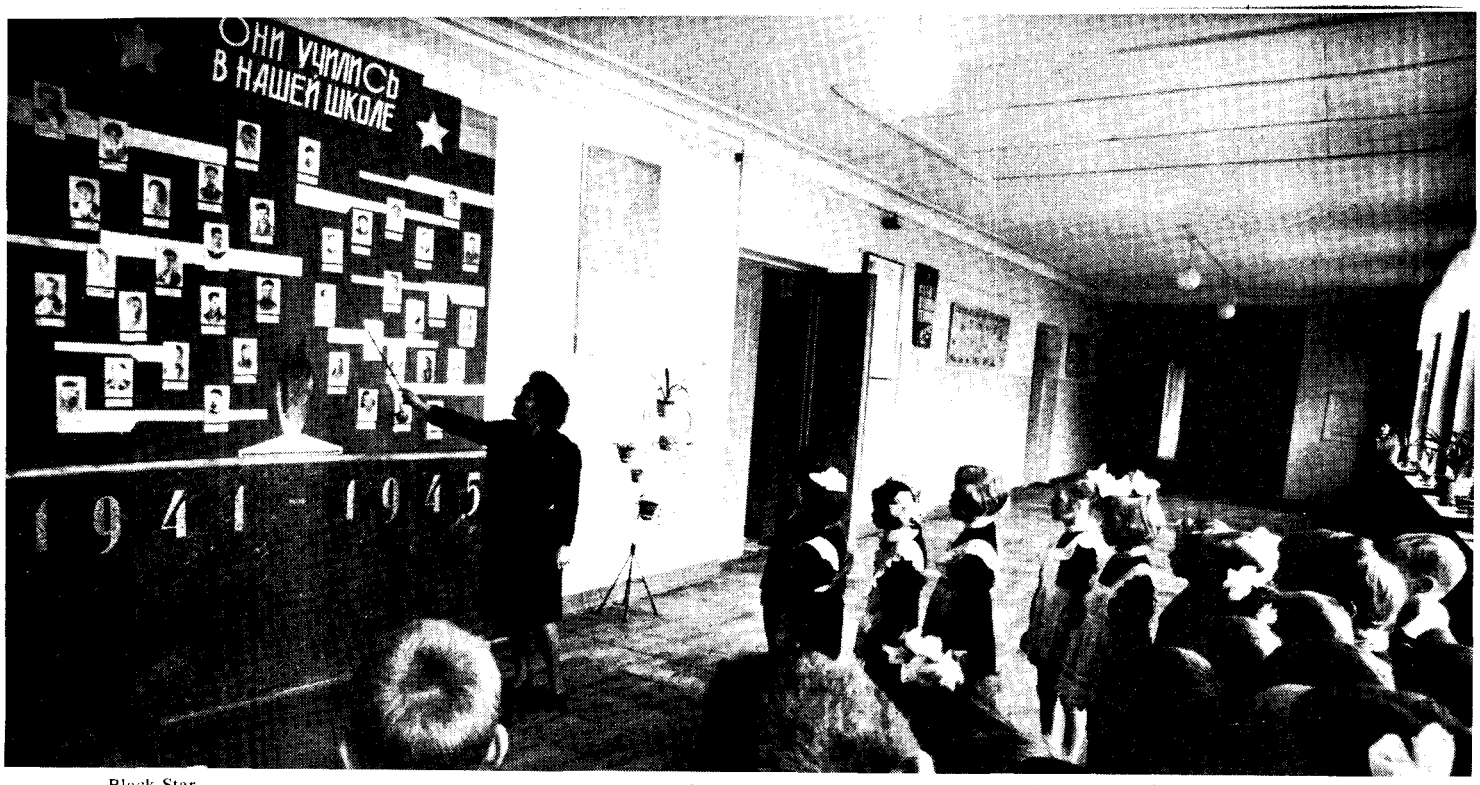

Black Star

In the Soviet classroom—"Teachers concentrate on developing loyalty to the system."

Reforming Soviet Education

Scientists and educators now encourage independent thinking—up to a point. Case study: the demise of Moscow Physical-Mathematical School No. 2.

By Susan Jacoby

Ingratitude for the advantages of a Soviet education has been a recurring accusation in the bitter official-press campaign against the dissident nuclear physicist Andrei D. Sakharov. "I don't understand," a steelworker wrote in a letter to a newspaper. "How can a person who grew up under the Soviet regime and received both an education and the title of scientist at the expense of Soviet workers, how can he so shamelessly defame our way of life?"

The emphasis on the educational benefits Sakharov received from the Soviet state is no accident. From kindergarten through college, Soviet educational institutions are enmeshed in a serious conflict between their fundamental goal of instilling political orthodoxy in young citizens and the need to develop bright minds by fostering creativity and independent thinking. The Soviets want their schools to produce graduates who may someday equal Sakharov's scientific contributions to the state but who—unlike Sakharov—will never question the political dictates of the Communist party.

This conflict is much more acute today than it was a decade ago, because Soviet elementary and secondary schools are undergoing a major curriculum reform designed to discourage the rote methods of teaching that have characterized the nation's educational system since the Thirties. The reforms were urged on the schools by scientists of Sakharov's standing, who argued that Soviet education was discouraging the creative reasoning processes essential to the development of science. All the elaborate theoretical and practical changes in the school curriculum are based on the idea that children should be encouraged to ask why instead of to regurgitate memorized answers.

"The dilemma is obvious," a high school chemistry teacher told me in Moscow. "If a student can 'think for himself' in science or math, why not in history or literature? But our society can't tolerate that; so what the authorities are really saying to the kids is 'think for yourself—up to a certain point.'"

The depth of the present conflict can be understood only in light of the historic importance of political conditioning at every level of the Soviet educational system. Though the quality of math teaching may vary radically from school to school, the political message is monolithic. The same political attitudes are inculcated by schools in cities and on farms, in the Ukraine and Uzbekistan, in Novosibirsk and Moscow. Lenin set the tone for the emerging Soviet educational system in 1920, when he observed that "the school, apart from life, apart from politics, is a lie and a hypocrisy. Give me a generation to train the children, and the seed I sow will never be uprooted."

During the Stalin era, political indoctrination in schools was a crude, repressive reflection of the society as a whole. Many of my middle-aged Russian friends remembered school days when they cut up their textbooks to remove pictures of disgraced or executed party leaders. "I was finishing my last two years of high school during the purge trials," recalled a French professor at a Moscow university. "During that terrible period, it seemed that every day we would have to open our books and take the scissors to a picture of someone who had been highly respected up to that time. If there was anything about the person in the text

Susan Jacoby, a free-lance writer, is the author of Inside Soviet Schools, *to be published next spring by Hill & Wang.*

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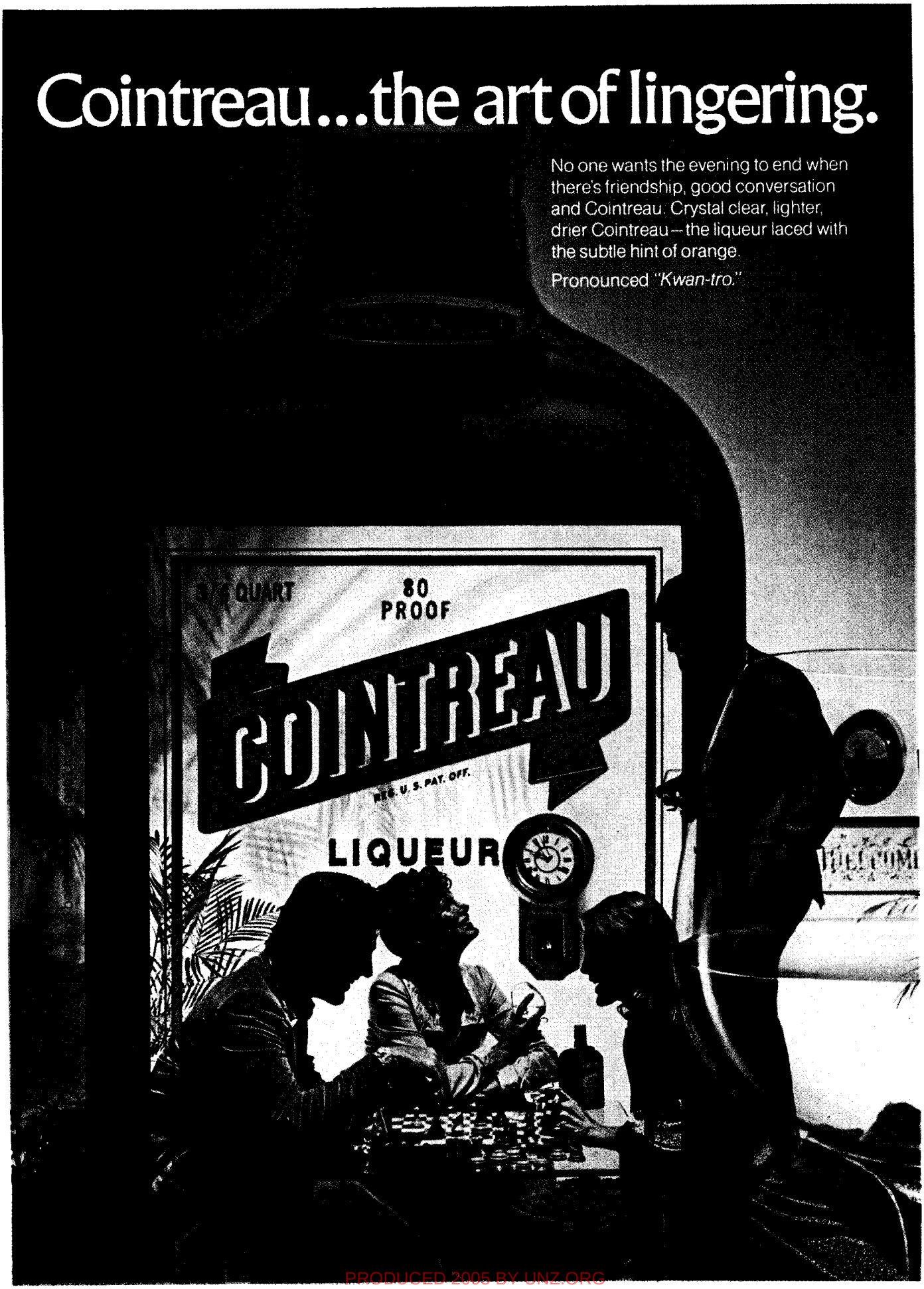

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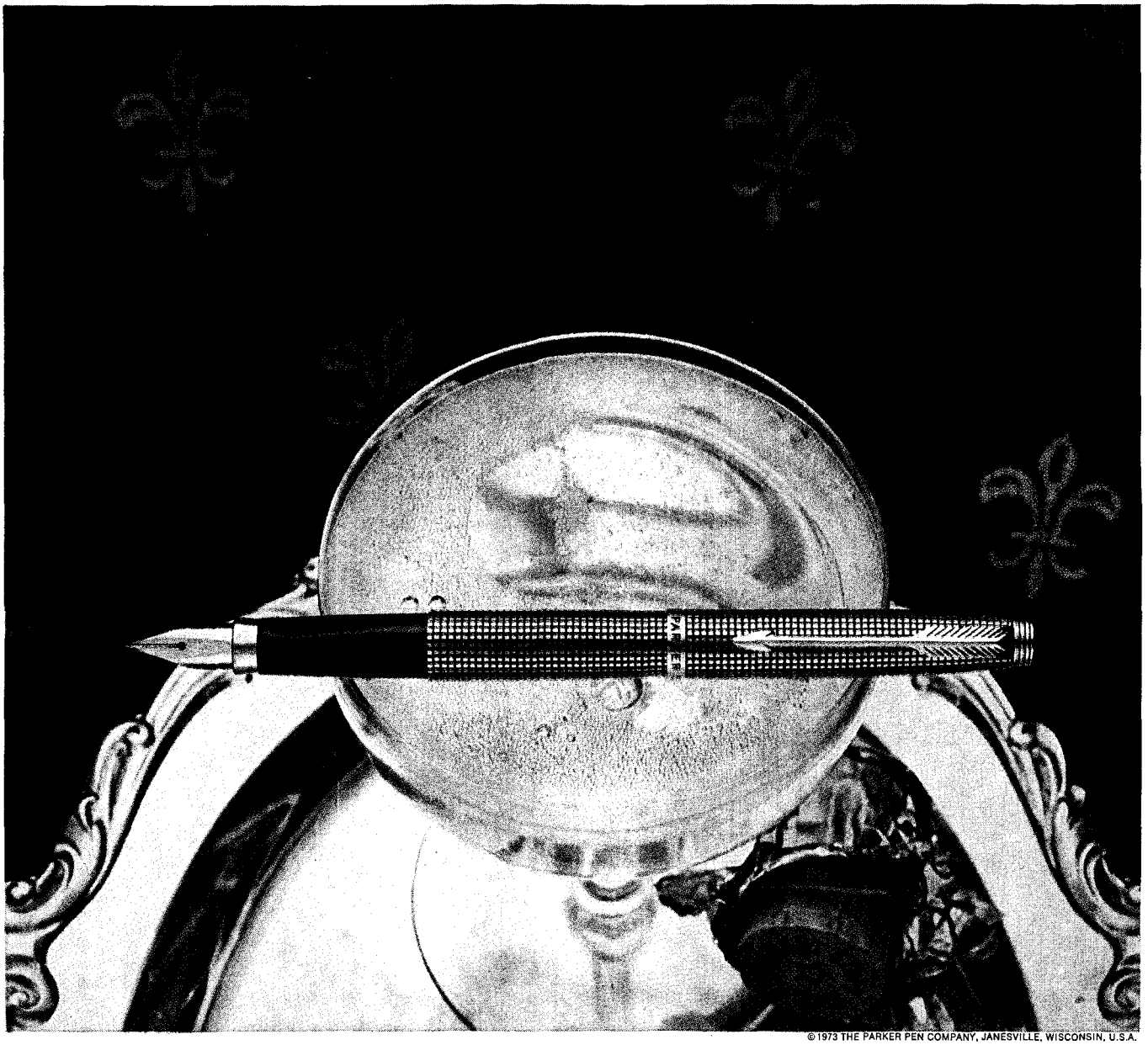

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itself, we would cross it out with heavy black ink. It had to be very heavy, so that no later student would be able to make out the type underneath."

Political indoctrination is not so crude today; Soviet schools concentrate on developing loyalty to the system rather than to specific political leaders. When Nikita Khrushchev was ousted in 1964, for example, school children did not have to cut his picture out of their texts. New editions of history texts were issued in the mid-Sixties, and Khrushchev was dismissed in one line as a former party leader who had been replaced by Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin. Lenin's dictum about the school and politics has lost none of its validity; it may even have been strengthened by the increasing sophistication of Soviet educational methods.

Political education in Soviet schools involves the development of a general "social consciousness" as well as indoctrination on specific issues. The general values of Soviet society—identification with the group, muted individualism, respect for authority—occupy the most important place in the work of the school. If children internalize these values, the teacher—and the state—need not worry about their loyalty on any given issue.

In state nurseries and kindergartens, political education aims at developing a strong identification with the group known as the "children's collective" and at instilling a lasting respect for adult authority. Both of these attitudes are vital to the child's later acceptance of orthodox Soviet thought.

All forms of childhood aggression are firmly discouraged. In a typical incident in one Moscow kindergarten, I observed a four-year-old boy try to grab a toy truck from a boy who was already playing with it. The second boy hit the intruder on the head with the disputed truck. The teacher reacted with much more concern than the situation seemed to warrant. She sharply reprimanded the boy who tried to grab the truck, and he wailed in reply, "But I asked him to play with me, and he wouldn't." She then turned to the second boy and lectured him for five minutes. "You have no right, absolutely no right, to keep a toy to yourself," she said. "If everyone kept toys to himself, we wouldn't have a *detsky sad* [kindergarten] at all. If we didn't have kindergartens, boys and girls wouldn't be ready for school. And that would be bad for the whole country." The teacher was following Soviet educational theory by emphasizing the larger importance of an individual anti-social act. She told me later that one of the greatest problems in the kindergarten was an occasional child "who always wants to play or work alone."

Adult authority is established with equal firmness. The *Program of Instruction in the Kindergarten*, a manual published by the central education ministry for preschools throughout the Soviet Union, dictates that six year olds must know that in greeting someone they should *not* extend their hands: This may only be done when the adult himself offers his hand. The teacher instructs the children to listen attentively to what an adult is saying; when answering him, to look him in the face; to carry out quickly and willingly requests or demands; to yield the right of way to an adult; and to stoop and pick things up for adults. . . .

The subordinate role of the child is emphasized at all levels of the Soviet educational system. When I visited Soviet schools, I observed a practice I had not seen since my own days in parochial schools twenty years ago: When an adult entered the classroom, the children jumped to their feet and remained standing until they were given permission to sit down.

Specific political indoctrination at the preschool level consists mainly of portraying Lenin as a combination of Christ the Good Shepherd and George Washington. One day in Red Square, I passed a group of kindergarteners who were listening intently as their teacher told them: "This is the spot where Dyadya Lenin [Uncle Lenin] made one of his most important speeches to the workers. They were people just like your parents, and he told them that in our country, from that day on, no child would ever be hungry. There were children like you who had never seen white bread. They would not have recognized the candy and ice cream that you have for dessert. Dyadya Lenin dreamed of a world in which all these things would seem ordinary to children like you, and his dream has come true."

THE SPECIFIC POLITICAL CONTENT of Soviet education becomes much heavier in the early grades of elementary school. Along with delightful fairy tales and nineteenth-century children's stories, Soviet reading books are filled with political propaganda that bears even less resemblance to reality than do Dick, Jane, and Spot.

Authoritarian teaching methods reinforce the political message. In a second-grade reading class in Moscow, the children were reading a poem about autumn that featured prominent descriptions of bountiful harvests and the happy lives of Soviet citizens who live on collective farms. The poem depicted the fun of bringing in the harvest and the enjoyment of workers sitting down to an abundant dinner at the end of the day. After reading the poem aloud, the teacher asked the children to discuss its meaning.

"In the fall everyone has a lot to eat," said one boy.

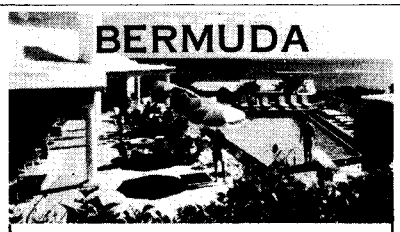
"That's absolutely right," replied the teacher.

"We must all work hard to receive the fruits of the harvest," said a girl.

"Absolutely right."

"I think the poem means that wonderful things lie buried in the ground, sleeping, until men bring them to life with their dreams," commented another girl.

The teacher frowned slightly and said the girl's idea was a good one but not a



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"correct answer," because the poem did not specifically mention it.

This type of unimaginative, repressive instruction was—and frequently still is—common at all levels of the educational system. A magazine article on the teaching of Russian in the Ukraine suggested several ways of whetting ninth and tenth graders' appetites for Russian literature. In a lesson on Chekhov, for example, the pupils might "independently look for facts in the articles of V.I. Lenin . . . in order to complete an assignment on the theme 'Chekhovian Images in the Works of V.I. Lenin.'" A lesson plan on the works of the nineteenth-century poet Nekrasov urged the selection of material "testifying to the fact that Lenin liked the poetry of Nekrasov" in order to show that "the poetry of Nekrasov is close to us, the Soviet people."

In social-studies classes, there was little difference between the recitation expected of second graders and that of tenth graders. The American-style "thought question" does not exist in Soviet social-studies texts. *Istoria SSSR (History of the USSR),* a nationwide text for eighth and ninth graders, asks, at the end of each chapter, for a simple regurgitation of material. The book is filled with such stirring questions as "How did our country prepare for the fiftieth anniversary of the October revolution?" and "How did the representatives of other countries feel about the USSR's jubilee?" I never heard a social-studies teacher ask students for their opinions about any issue. I showed an American high school history textbook to one Soviet social scientist, a specialist on the United States at a Moscow research institute. She remarked that the book must create "unimaginable confusion" in the minds of teen-agers. "I read in this book," she said, "that some people consider the war in Vietnam a civil war and others consider it a war against Communist aggression. What is the student to think? How is he to judge for himself? Which side is right? In the Soviet Union, we have agreement on what we want our children to learn."

This attitude toward schooling was also common in science and math classes, despite their relative freedom from specific political content. Secondary-school students learned to do physics problems by memorizing formulas they did not know how to apply in new situations. In biology and chemistry classes, the teacher did an experiment in the front of the room, and the students copied the results in their notebooks. In addition, until 1970 high school biology classes were taught according to the thoroughly discredited precepts of the charlatan Trofim D. Lysenko. (Lysenko gained a stranglehold on Soviet biology and agricultural research during the Stalin era; many scientists who opposed him were sent to prison camps. He rejected classical Mendelian genetics and contended that environmentally acquired characteristics could be passed from one generation to the next. Although his theories were rooted out of most universities by the mid-Sixties, they continued to be taught in high schools.)

THE REFORMS now being instituted were developed by a top-level committee of scientists and educators established in 1965. They were introduced in urban schools throughout the nation in 1970 but will not be fully implemented until the end of the decade. The reforms range from instituting "new math" in first and second grades to providing for individual experiments by students in ninth and tenth grades. They also aim to influence the teaching of social studies and literature by encouraging students to do more thinking and less memorization.

Many teachers were alarmed by the reforms and feared the social problems they might create in the schools. A biology teacher in Estonia told me that some of his colleagues were disturbed when equipment for individual student experiments began arriving in their schools. "Some of the teachers don't see the need for students to do experiments by themselves," he said. "They're even afraid of it. At one meeting, a teacher asked, 'Why is there a need to duplicate equipment when all the students will be doing the same experiment as the teacher?' He was very alarmed when I suggested that the purpose of having the students do their own experiments was to arouse their creative curiosity. He said, 'Then we'll have to guard against having dozens of students doing different things, each going his own different way.'"

It is not difficult to understand the dismay of the more conservative Soviet teachers, since the need—of the teacher, the school, adults in general, the state—to maintain authority has been the constant theme of political education. In experimental schools for outstanding students, Soviet authorities have already encountered conflicts that could become more widespread following curriculum reforms.

In 1971 there were rumors about the impending demise of Moscow Physical-Mathematical School No. 2, a special school for talented math and physics students. Although the school had produced brilliant graduates who went on to outstanding achievements in higher educational institutions, Moscow party leaders were dissatisfied. They heard reports that the school was a hotbed of political and social inquiry. The reports were true; the creative science education had led to an intellectual ferment in all subjects. Just before I left Moscow, a friend told me he was quietly transferring his son out of the school "because they [the party authorities] are going to smash it. I don't want my son to suffer from the fallout."

"Seems to me that since this meat situation started, they've all *been running well."*

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In the fall of 1972, the final issue of the underground *Chronicle of Current Events* carried a full account of the dismantling of the special school—the *Chronicle* was forced to cease publication after a nine-month secret-police campaign against dissidents. [See WORLD, "Soviet Dissent: An Ebb Tide," June 19.] The *Chronicle* noted that Moscow Physical-Mathematical School No. 2 had offered an unusual curriculum, with seminars conducted by professors from Moscow State University:

> The number of applicants for admission grew from year to year until it was three or four times greater than the number of vacancies. Pupils journeyed to the school from the most distant parts of Moscow, some of them from the outer suburbs. They soon began to excel . . . not only by virtue of their high-level grounding in physics and mathematics but also because of their love of literature, their keen interest in social problems, the nature of the questions they asked lecturers in ideological subjects, and their habit of not taking on faith anything that had not been proven.

Party authorities began investigating the school after a Jewish teacher applied for emigration to Israel. The principal, his top assistants, and most of the teachers were fired or forced to transfer to other schools within a year. New teachers had to be appoved by the Moscow party committee. USSR Education Minister Mikhail A. Prokofiev tried unsuccessfully to intervene on the school's behalf.

The end of School No. 2 is significant, because it illustrates the degree to which Soviet education is still a creature of the political system. When a conflict arises between high educational standards and ideology, ideology wins. The demise of School No. 2 may bode ill for the current attempts at reforming the educational system. The Soviet system cannot tolerate even one Sakharov, and the Soviets do not want their schools to increase the number of dissident scientists in the future. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 11): starve, vaster, averts.

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 37

(SAM) LEVENSON:
IN ONE ERA (AND) OUT THE OTHER

Chicken can now be bought in parts. Anyone can create his own version of a chicken out of a do-it-yourself chicken kit. Put together two heads, one eye, three breasts, four feet, add a mandolin, and you've got yourself an original poultry Picasso.

THE CHRISTMAS MEAL AT JACK DANIEL'S has been the same since 1918.

In Jack Daniel Hollow it's always turkey, sweet potatoes and marshmallows, scalloped oysters, broccoli, hot biscuits, coconut cake with custard, and eat till you can't. To us, that's a very happy holiday. And we wish the same to our good friends everywhere.

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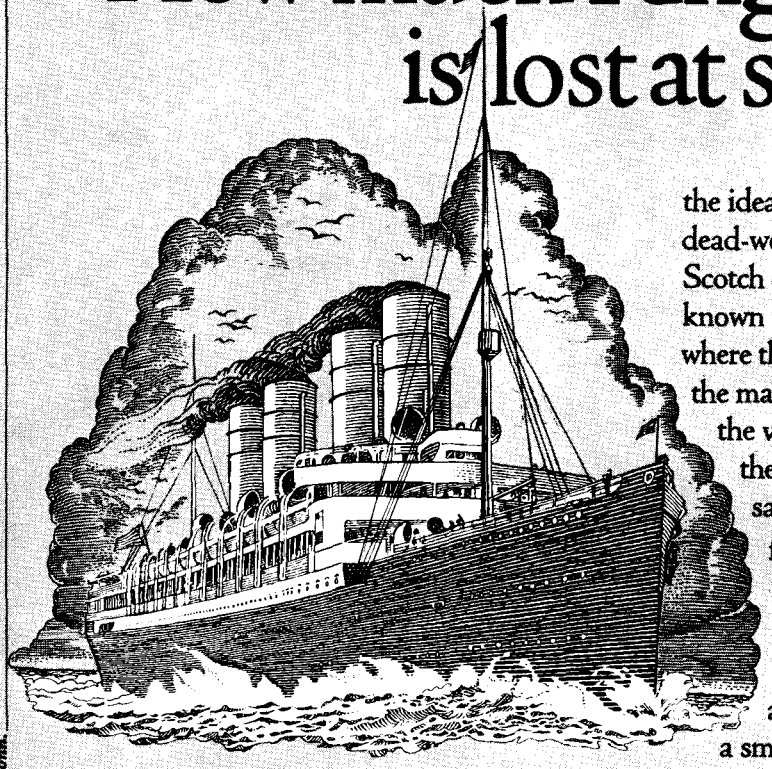
How much King's Ransom is lost at sea?



We've lost the odd barrel in a storm and lost a bit more to torpedoes in two world wars. But our losses all-in-all were never so big as to make the fish tipsy.

One time we did lose enough to raise the waters of the Atlantic a proof point or two, but the stuff was salvaged before the current could carry it off. A shipful of scotch whisky, including a supply of our precious 12-year old, foundered off an island in the Hebrides. The islanders, quite sensibly, retrieved every bottle. Lesser men might have tried to sell the stuff, but not these. They drank it. The episode inspired a motion picture. The title, "Tight Little Island", was sheer exaggeration and an injustice to the natives' ability to hold their liquor.

When you consider how many years we sent our scotch around the world in ships a lot less seaworthy than the Titanic, it's a miracle our losses weren't greater. Back in the days when King's Ransom was the world's most expensive whisky, Mr. William Whitely got the idea of shipping it as ballast in place of the dead-weight freighters took on between cargoes. Scotch distillers had, in generations past, been known to cradle a barrel in a rowboat, anchored where the bobbing of the waves would blend the malts. But nobody, till Mr. William, had the vision on such a grand scale, nor reckoned the opportunity an empty ship presented to save on warehouse space. Nor, how much fine publicity could be milked from travelling the maturing whiskies thirty-thousand miles before bottling.

We still send casks of King's Ransom around the world, but only enough to put a smidgeon of sea-travelled scotch in every bottle. Cargo space is no longer free, alas, but we do it to keep faith with our customers and to keep it legal to print the words: "Around the World" on our label.

Every drop of King's Ransom is still twelve years old and the price is still steep enough to bring tears to your eyes. Strictly speaking, it is not, any longer, the most expensive whisky one can buy, but the difference wouldn't make change enough to jingle.

In our experience, only one other scotch approaches the virtue of King's Ransom. By some capricious fate, we happen to make that, too. The name is House of Lords and it differs from King's Ransom in three respects. One: it is eight years old. Two: the price is less intimidating. Three: it doesn't have a drop of whisky in it that went to sea in a barrel. To our recollection, nobody who bought House of Lords has ever complained.

William Whiteley & Co.

Qui Uti Scit Ei Bona

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College Tuition: Who Should Pay?

Ever since the land-grant movement more than one hundred years ago, public colleges and universities in the United States have offered higher education to millions of students for little or no tuition. The theory was that all of society benefited from an educated middle and professional class; therefore the state paid most of the cost of educating them.

Now that may change. In the last few months there's been a growing movement—buttressing the Nixon administration's policy on higher education—contending that it is the student who benefits most from higher education, not society as a whole. Therefore the student—even at public institutions—should pay more of the bill. Recent recommendations from the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education in Berkeley and the Committee for Economic Development in New York have proposed that tuition at public colleges be more than doubled in the next few years. The end result, of course, would be to make higher education exorbitantly expensive for many middle-class families. (A year at a public college, including tuition, room, board, and books, now costs about $3000; a year at a private college can run much more.) Even though the proposals for higher tuition are accompanied by proposals for more aid to low-income students, these students certainly would be priced out, too.

The problem is that colleges—particularly private colleges—need help. In 1972 more than 60 percent of all private four-year colleges posted deficits. They were caught in a squeeze of high fixed costs (resulting from overexpansion in the 1960s) and dropping enrollments. Furthermore, an ever-larger proportion of undergraduates are choosing public colleges (average tuition: $400 a year) over private colleges (average tuition: $1800).

Both the Carnegie and CED proposals were designed to close that tuition gap and to make private colleges "economically competitive." They also would help private colleges indirectly by giving most state and federal aid to students, instead of to the colleges as is current practice. With larger amounts of cash in hand, it is presumed, more students would opt for private institutions. (This type of financing is similar to that of the old GI bill—and represents Nixon administration policy.)

Economists and federal officials have been talking about increasing public-college tuition for years. That view was supported in a report issued this summer by the Carnegie Commission, entitled "Higher Education: Who Pays? Who Benefits? Who Should Pay?" Basically, the commission proposed that tuition at public colleges be increased by 11 percent a year for the next decade—while tuition at private colleges be increased only 5 percent, in line with increases in per capita income. The commission also recommended, however, that tuition increases be accompanied by greater aid for low-income students and that tuition at two-year community colleges be kept low to ensure universal access to higher education.

> "Some contend that the student benefits most from higher education, not society as a whole. Therefore he should pay more of the bill."

If adopted, the Carnegie proposals would mean that annual undergraduate tuition at the University of California, for example, would climb from the present $300 to $780 by 1980. This is an odd about-face for commission chairman Clark Kerr; as president of U.C. he used to fight the state legislature to keep tuition low. Kerr emphasizes, however, that the Carnegie proposals were designed to make students who can afford college pay a greater share, not to force low-income students out.

The ink was barely dry on the Carnegie report when the criticism started rolling in. Allan W. Ostar, executive director of the American Association of State Colleges and Universities, said the recommendations meant that higher education "will become limited to the very rich, the very brilliant, and the very poor." And Edward J. Boling, president of the University of Tennessee, said that raising tuition at public colleges in order to make private colleges more competitive "makes as much sense as forcing one person to undergo surgery because another person has appendicitis."

The battle was joined in the fall when the Committee for Economic Development, a non-profit research institute, issued a ninety-five-page report on "The Management and Financing of College." Needless to say, the CED is oriented to private enterprise—and to private colleges. Its report was drawn up by heavies from IBM, General Motors, GE, AT&T, E.I. Du Pont, Exxon, Alcoa, and Goldman, Sachs, among others, and its main point was that tuition at public colleges is "unjustifiably low." Its solution: Double tuition at public colleges and universities in the next five years so students will pay more than half the instructional costs. In contrast to the Carnegie Commission, the CED proposed that tuition also be raised drastically at two-year community colleges, although it would allow them a ten-year period before tuition would pay for half the instructional costs.

The CED itself acknowledged the effect its recommendations could have on the middle class. Sterling M. McMurrin, director of the CED report and dean of the graduate school at the University of Utah, said that "raising tuition is possibly going to create a situation where some middle-income people will not be able to afford a college education."

To offset higher tuition, the CED urged that the federal and state governments make more loans available for middle-class and poor families. But there is little evidence that such a strategy works. Congress has so underfunded the basic opportunity grant program, the cornerstone of the administration's student-loan effort, that the average recipient gets only $260 a year. Criticizing the CED recommendations, Calvin Lee, chancellor of the University of Maryland, Baltimore County, said, "The writers of this report don't know how legislators work." There is no reason to believe they will increase aid to students, he added, just to make up for a cutback in aid to institutions.

The basic problem is that Carnegie and the CED take an economic approach to higher education. They are worried about institutions, not students. At a time when one of the greatest problems of American higher education is to open it to groups it has traditionally excluded, this is an odd sense of priorities. The recommendations treat higher education—particularly private higher education—simply as one more industry in trouble. The proposed solution, like the solution for the Penn Central, is to use the public's money to bail it out. Higher education in the United States, however, is not a railroad, and it must be available to all customers who want to take it.

PETER A. JANSSEN

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Light Refractions

Subtleties of the Trade

After reading a recent *Light Refractions* column that dealt with some peculiarities of descriptive sizes in salesmanship (e.g., Super Colossal olives and "Full Half Quarts" for pints of beer), a friend on SR/W called to suggest I say something about women's clothes, speaking of weird size designations. I said I didn't know what he meant, and he told me that a size-twelve dress used to be one of the smallest, but to make women feel more petite the garment industry started calling size twelve size ten, and now the smallest sizes are six and even four. It's not that the real sizes of the dresses have changed, but the industry has fiddled with the numbers so that a woman who once wore a size fourteen might, without losing weight, now wear a size twelve.

I CHECKED this story out. The people I talked to who are in the women's clothing business said it isn't so. But the evidence says it *is* so. Practically all I know about the dress business is what I've seen in *Save the Tiger* and a few other flicks; so I'm not grounded in the subtleties of materials and styles. My conclusions might be false, but I know that I've talked to several women who've gone from size twelve to size ten while gaining a pound or two here and there. For years I've heard women refer to one another as "a size twelve" or "a size sixteen," and it's meant next to nothing to me. Now I'm beginning to get the hang of it. I know, for example, that uneven sizes—threes, fives, sevens, nines, etc.—are junior-miss sizes. But since there are a great many grandmothers wearing junior-miss clothes, I am more and more convinced that the size labeling of ladies' garments is, at least in part, a con job.

One of the offices I visited had an old-fashioned dress form with a partially formed dress on it. The dressmaker told me the dress was a size six. On the neck of the form was clearly stenciled Size 8. "I see," I said. "You're making a size eight and telling your customer she's a size six, no?" "No," I was told, "I'm making the waist very snug; so it's really a size six." I questioned that logic and got an explanation involving new fabrics that stretch and breathe and whatnot. I wasn't convinced of anything except the woman's absolute sincerity. She flatly denied that sizes had been redesignated to flatter the vain, but in the course of our discussion she mentioned that a size-eight model used to have a twenty-five-inch waist but today has a twenty-six-and-a-half-inch waist. She dropped that nugget while explaining that women are slimmer than ever, and that's why size twelve isn't as small as it once was.

MARVA SHEARER, the tennis player, is sure that dress sizes have been reassessed. She told me she'd been sent a selection of tennis dresses from a New York manufacturer. She'd told him she wore a size eight or ten. She chose two of the dresses, both of which fitted perfectly and both labeled Size 6. I don't believe that was a mistake. I think it was deliberate. I think that somebody figured out some time ago that if Mrs. America bought size-fourteen clothes at the Bon Ton but was a size twelve at La Femme Soignée, she'd feel happier at La Femme Soignée. Mrs. America would shift her custom to La Femme Soignée. It didn't take long for the Bon Ton to get the point.

As I said, I'm not grounded in the subtleties of the trade, but the evidence is pretty clear.

I think there's a comparable phenomenon in men's clothing. They can't mess around much with ordinary shirt and trouser sizes. They're measured in inches—waist, inseam, collar, and sleeve length. But athletic shirts—sweat shirts, tennis shirts, and so on—are measured small, medium, large, and extra large. No one with any sense of proportion could call me large. In fact, until a few years ago, I was a perfect example of "medium height and build." Today, with a younger generation that—in spite of white sugar and unnatural additives in its diet—has grown like giant sunflowers, I feel like a shrimp. Still, medium sweat shirts are small on me. For years I've felt that the manufacturers of sweat shirts want the average man to feel that, from the waist up, he's Herculean. The question is, if a large man needs an extra large sweat shirt, where does a *really* big guy—say, a tackle on the Dallas Cowboys—get his sweat shirts? And are they as Super Colossal as an olive?

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

"He hardly talked to me when he was alive . . . why should he talk to me now?"

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Double-Crostic No. 38

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 I	2 T	3 E		4 G	5 T	6 U		7 B	8 U	9 K	10 A		11 L	12 T		13 E
14 H	15 Y		16 Q	17 I	18 A	19 N	20 C		21 J	22 W	23 Q		24 T	25 A	26 M	27 C
	28 E	29 Y	30 D	31 G		32 J	33 X		34 F	35 A	36 R	37 M		38 O	39 J	40 N
41 Q	42 Y	43 E	44 B	45 K	46 L		47 X	48 N	49 F	50 Q	51 A	52 P	53 G	54 K	55 R	56 V
57 O	58 W		59 Y	60 H	61 S		62 F	63 C	64 Y	65 I	66 J		67 V	68 G	69 E	70 S
71 D	72 N		73 T	74 B	75 P		76 T	77 O	78 P	79 J		80 M	81 G	82 Q	83 P	84 I
85 E	86 R	87 X		88 S	89 Y	90 P	91 N		92 O	93 M	94 Y	95 J	96 K		97 A	98 B
99 S	100 J	101 P	102 D		103 H	104 W	105 E	106 G	107 I	108 M		109 Q	110 O	111 F	112 J	113 V
114 L		115 I	116 T	117 B		118 F	119 H	120 A	121 X	122 D		123 H	124 S	125 X		126 T
127 Q	128 S	129 L	130 I		131 E	132 R		133 F	134 V		135 U	136 H	137 S	138 Y	139 M	
140 T	141 E	142 D	143 B		144 U	145 A	146 R		147 I	148 S	149 B	150 H	151 Q	152 G	153 O	154 Y
155 F	156 W		157 V	158 D	159 G	160 X		161 E	162 Y		163 C	164 J	165 F	166 Y		167 B
168 G	169 Y	170 S	171 R	172 W		173 S	174 H	175 P	176 J	177 V	178 D		179 E	180 B	181 V	182 O
183 X		184 C	185 N		186 E	187 G	188 W	189 D	190 Q	191 O	192 V	193 F	194 K	195 R	196 H	

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to *solving the puzzle.*

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what *word a particular square's* letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to words, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Might	10 18 25 35 51 97 120 145
B. Not real	149 167 180 7 44 74 98 117 143
C. Bellini opera	163 184 20 27 63
D. Long-tailed American birds of the family Icteridae	102 122 158 189 71 142 178 30
E. Buffoonery	43 69 85 179 3 186 105 131 141 161 13 28
F. Familiar (compound)	34 62 193 49 111 133 165 118 155
G. Moravian town, site of great Napoleonic victory, 1805	168 187 4 31 152 68 53 81 106 159
H. *In India, a building in* which Islamic religious festivals are celebrated	174 103 119 150 123 136 196 14 60
I. What it takes (2 wds.)	65 107 130 147 1 84 115 17
J. Of unknown cause, as a disease	95 21 112 164 79 176 32 66 100 39
K. Spunk; cheek	45 54 96 194 9
L. Mixture of liquor and water	114 129 11 46
M. Foams	80 139 26 37 93 108

CLUES	WORDS
N. "O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream ——" (*Romeo and Juliet*, 2 wds.)	40 91 185 19 48 72
O. Uneasy	153 182 38 92 57 77 110 191
P. Presents formally for acceptance	52 78 101 75 90 175 83
Q. Marciano specialties	127 109 23 151 16 190 50 41 82
R. Members of an ascetic *Palestinian* sect, flourishing second century B.C. —second century A.D.	86 55 132 146 171 195 36
S. Embouchure	173 88 124 137 148 99 170 61 70 128
T. Without delay, at once (3 wds.)	116 5 126 140 24 2 73 12 76
U. Nothing (British dialect)	6 8 135 144
V. Very bad; causing intense surprise, horror, etc.	56 157 134 67 181 192 113 177
W. Island of Calypso	104 172 58 156 188 22
X. Son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra	33 47 160 183 125 121 87
Y. Final send-off for many a rustler in the Old West (2 wds.)	166 94 42 169 59 154 138 89 29 64 162 15

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 37* appears on page 55.

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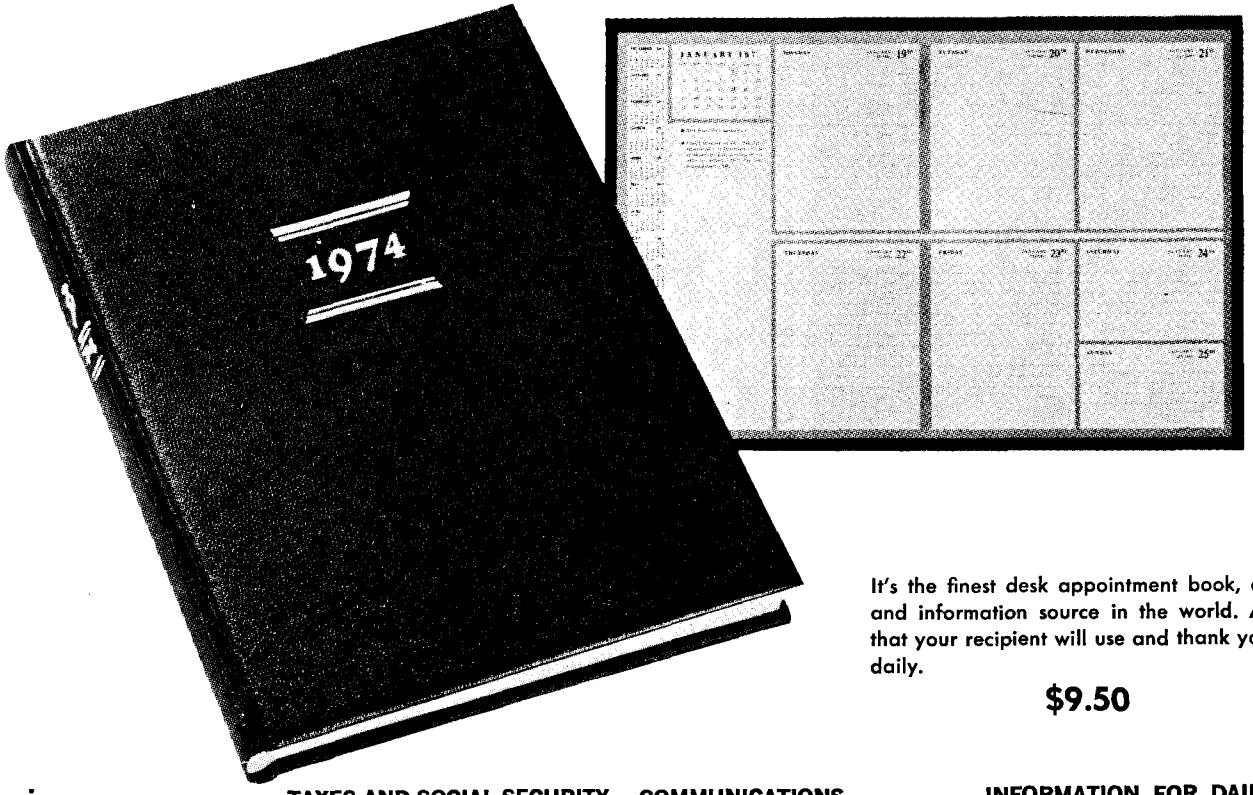

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Foreign Travel Offices in New York
International Travel Regulations
Currency Conversion Table
Suggested Tipping Abroad
Weights and Measures
International Road Signs in Europe

COMMUNICATIONS

Forms of Address in Letters and Speech
Protocol at Formal Receptions, etc.
Postage Rates
Telegraph and Cable Rates
Long Distance Telephone Rates
Selected National Magazines
National Associations of Businessmen

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(Chaos at Sea: *continued from page 21.***)**

Ambassador Pardo has an answer: "No one needs the conference right now—but if it is not successful, the consequences in ten years are likely to be disastrous. The situation right now is like sharks smelling blood in the water; they go crazy, attack the carcass, tear it to pieces—and kill each other, all at the same time. The states are trying to swallow the carcass of ocean space beyond national jurisdiction and, in the process, are very likely to inflict serious injury on themselves."

Is there no solution in sight?

"That," says Leigh Retiner glumly, "is what the Law of the Sea Conference is for—to have a solution to every single one of these problems and to have it as quickly as possible, or we're going to war with each other."

I was impressed by the American's forthright, cogent remarks. If America was coming across like this in the negotiating sessions, perhaps the outcome will not be as bleak as one might think. There it was, as blunt as Jake Dykstra and as urgent as the poster: a plea for a genuine international effort to start taking care of our ocean. □

(Last in a series of articles on problems concerning use of the seas.)

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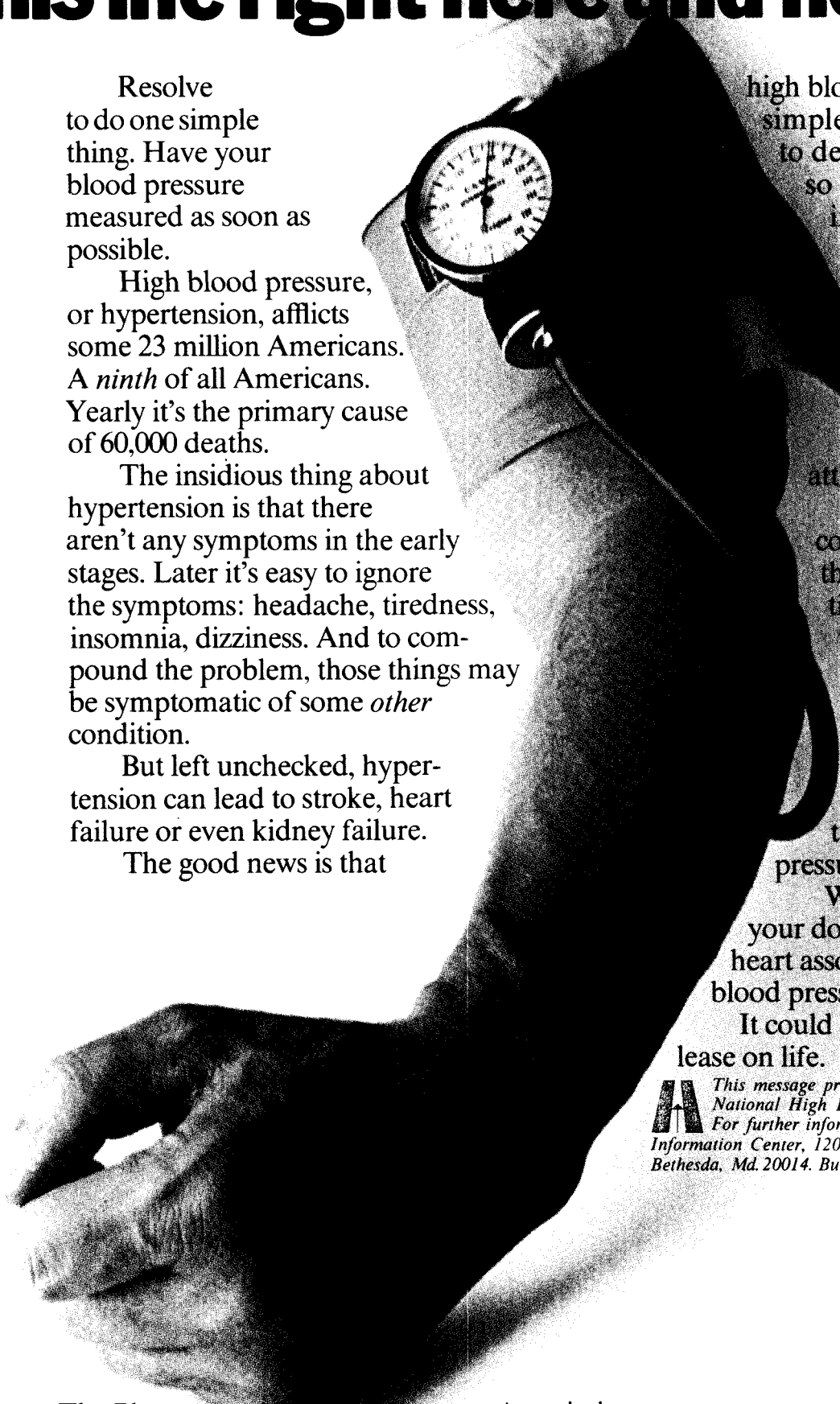
One in nine of us can lengthen his life right here and now.



Resolve to do one simple thing. Have your blood pressure measured as soon as possible.

High blood pressure, or hypertension, afflicts some 23 million Americans. A *ninth* of all Americans. Yearly it's the primary cause of 60,000 deaths.

The insidious thing about hypertension is that there aren't any symptoms in the early stages. Later it's easy to ignore the symptoms: headache, tiredness, insomnia, dizziness. And to compound the problem, those things may be symptomatic of some *other* condition.

But left unchecked, hypertension can lead to stroke, heart failure or even kidney failure.

The good news is that high blood pressure is simple and painless to detect. (What's so hard about having your blood pressure taken?) And in most cases it's relatively easy to control with medication, proper diet, attitude and exercise.

Member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association are proud to have helped develop some of the breakthrough medicines that can tame high blood pressure.

We urge you to call your doctor, hospital or heart association and get your blood pressure checked.

It could give you a longer lease on life.

This message prepared in cooperation with the National High Blood Pressure Education Program. For further information write High Blood Pressure Information Center, 120/80 National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Md. 20014. But take your blood pressure test first.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

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